

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL. 9

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MRS. LANGTRY,

WHO PRODUCED "MADEMOISELLE MARS" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE ON SATURDAY LAST AND PLAYED THE TITLE-RÔLE.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Picturesque Side of Royalty—And its Opposite—Unguarded Kings—The “Cake-Walk”—The Levées—American Friendship.

THE picturesque side of Royalty is much in evidence this week. Though the Prince of Wales's visit to the Kaiser is a private one, it is no less splendid, and he is one of the central figures in the series of gorgeous ceremonies that the Emperor organises at the time of his birthday, and which last year, when they were to have been of even a more sumptuous character than usual, he decided should not take place, as a sign of mourning for the death of his grandmother, Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. In contrast to this visit paid by the Heir to one great Throne to the occupant of another is the coming visit of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, to the most democratic of all countries, America, and the cordial reception which those good Republicans, not in the least abating their sturdy independence, are preparing for him. It will be interesting to contrast the methods pursued by the people who are unused to entertaining Royalty with those of a people who set an example to the world, and see whether the Americans at New York and Washington can organise fêtes such as the French surprised the Czar with at Compiègne and Paris.

There are, of course, two sides to every shield, and, though the sun shines on some Royal blazons, others are in shade. Don Carlos asking permission from France to go to the bedside of his son, Don Jaime, who lies at death's door in one of the Riviera towns, is one of the saddest figures of the many “Rois en exil” who are to be found in Europe. Don Carlos, the Prince whom the Carlists of Spain regard as their lawful King, lives a very retired life in a palazzo at Venice, seeing but few friends, and those mostly Englishmen. He is, personally, a man of courage, but he has always hesitated to allow his adherents to shed their blood for him, and, at the time of the Spanish-American War, when a less scrupulous Pretender might have found his opportunity, he refused to add to the difficulties of his country by countenancing a rising in his favour. Don Jaime, his heir, is an officer in the Russian service—a service which now seems to find employment for all the young gallants who are waiting till fortune brings a crown to them—the best of the Buonapartes is also a Russian officer.

Will the “Cake-Walk” ever be recognised as a dance in Mayfair mansions? More unlikely things have happened. In New York at one time the very smartest of the “Four Hundred” made their guests merry by promoting “Cake-Walks,” and I noticed at the Covent Garden Masked Ball on Saturday last that amongst the dancers who came out on to the cleared space to walk for a mythical cake, which took the form of a very handsome silver toilet-set, the majority of the men were not professional dancers, but belonged to our gilded youth. If the youngsters of St. James's Street and Piccadilly Clubs will walk, to the enlivening strains of the “Coon Band Contest,” with Miss Three Stars of the Frivolity Theatre, no doubt Lady Clara Vere de Vere could induce them also to do so, and, in this latest importation from America, hostesses in Society may find a cure for wallflowers. Of course, there is cake-walking and cake-walking; some forms of it are back-breaking gymnastics, but it can be very elegant and very graceful and admits of a variety of figures. I commend the matter to the lady who holds the pen as Chaperon and who treats of matters of the drawing-room.

The Levées are being started very early this Season, showing that a great number of attendances and presentations are expected. As at the Drawing-Rooms, the attendance is to be by invitation; but, apparently, the numbers to be present at each Levée are to be announced, and the various departments—the War Office, Admiralty, Home Office, Foreign Office—decide as to which of the applicants are to receive cards of invitation. The hour remains, as of past time, twelve noon.

I am glad that there seems to be no truth in the report that an attempt was made to assassinate the King of Greece. At the same time, I am not at all surprised that such a report should have been spread abroad, for of all Sovereigns he is the one who goes least watched and least guarded.

A turn of the wheel of diplomacy has evoked from America many kindly assurances that she will not forget the Spanish-American War showed that this country was more than a friend only in words, and it is pleasant to find that some of these assurances come from the Western States. It is one of the puzzles to an Englishman travelling for the first time across the United States that he finds in New York nothing but goodwill towards England, but that, as he goes westward across the continent, though the hospitality and friendliness to the individual Englishman are as boundless as they are anywhere in the States, north, south, east, or west, the tone towards the nation changes, and the Briton, to his surprise, hears English-speaking people expressing hopes that evil may come to his country. At San Francisco he comes again upon a town of Pro-Britons, but, roughly speaking, while the Americans east of the Rocky Mountains are friendly to England, those west have not the same amicable feelings. If an explanation in the House of Commons can change the inhabitants of the Wild and Woolly West into our very good friends, so much the better.

THE CHAPERON.

“The Chaperon’s” American Débutante—An Interesting Début at Londonderry House—Wonderful Gifts, Royal and Other—“The Wedding of the Year”—Frocks and Thrills at St. Peter’s, Eaton Square—Lord Rosebery as Ball-giver.

ONCE I used to wonder what my friends could see so charming in the American girl who comes to London and has only to be seen to straightway herself see and conquer. Now, I am quite converted, for Providence has just sent me a quite delightful specimen of the Transatlantic *ingénue* “to show round,” as she quaintly expresses it, and, as she is quite *unblase*, I look forward to taking her here, there, and everywhere, for she seems to really enjoy every new experience, and the fact that she is clever and amusing will make my task easier. Her Christian name is the same as that of Mr. Henry James's immortal heroine, “Daisy Wilks.”

In any case, my charge's London Season opened well. I was able to take her to Londonderry House, where Lady Helen's really wonderful show of wedding-gifts excited the wonder rather than the envy of girl friends, so popular is she. The splendid long gallery of Londonderry House is admirably suited to such a display, and Daisy admitted that she had never seen anything like the array of lovely things, and, with a true Republican instinct, she was not content till we had found the Royal gifts. Lady Helen has always been a special favourite of the King and Queen, and particularly pretty was their Majesties' souvenir, two diamond Mercury-wings joined the one to the other by a large, perfectly tinted turquoise. Princess Victoria also chose the same combination, for her gift consisted of a lovely old-world-looking diamond-turquoise pendant. The Prince and Princess of Wales's diamond-and-sapphire brooch was much admired.

As to the wonderful wedding itself! Well, I have been at most of the great marriages during the last twenty years, but I cannot remember such a scene outside a church and private house as that which took place on Saturday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and Londonderry House. All London seemed gathered together to gaze on the bride and bridegroom, and the persistent rumours that the King meant to be present, of course, augmented the excitement. To Daisy's deep disappointment, His Majesty did *not* put in an appearance. It is clear that in these rather delicate social matters the King wisely means to follow his revered mother's example.

Lady Helen claimed a bride's privilege and was very late; indeed, her ten bridesmaids must have shivered in their summery white frocks. “I guess those waists were designed *before* the cold snap,” observed Daisy meditatively, and certainly something warmer-looking would have been more suitable. Lady Helen looked splendid—no other word suits her rather dark, flashing type of beauty, so set off by really fine jewels. After all, white satin has much to be said for it, and Lady Helen Stavordale's wedding-dress might well be preserved for future generations to gaze at, for it was an artistically perfect as well as becoming garment. Embroidered with true-lovers' knots, the only trimming consisted of the finest old Limerick lace, and the Brussels-lace veil, first worn, I was told, by the Dowager Lady Londonderry, was worn in the Royal bridal fashion, off the face.

In spite of the fact that the year of Court mourning had come to an end, a good many of the guests were clad in subdued colours. Lady Londonderry was looking wonderfully young and *svelte* in grey relieved by softest yellow; the bride's two good-looking grandmothers in amethyst velvet and grey satin. The Duchess of Connaught was very plainly dressed, but her Quakerish gown was covered by a splendid sable cloak. Lady Castlereagh's bright-pink toque afforded a welcome gleam of colour, and so did Lady Pirbright's gorgeous Royal-blue velvet costume. One felt quite grateful to her for having elected to come in a real wedding-garment. We noticed that most of the more smartly dressed women present were wearing velvet frocks, Lady Binning's green velvet gown being particularly successful. Isabella, Lady Wilton, Lady Kilmorey, Lady Yarborough, Lady Feo Sturt, and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild were also all clad in what seems to be the material of the moment. Londonderry House was quite exquisitely decorated with masses of lilies, and I have seldom seen a prettier or more effective *ensemble* than that of Lord Stavordale and his young wife, with Lady Londonderry a little in the background, as it were, standing at the top of the great staircase and receiving their troupe of friends and well-wishers. Particularly pretty was Lady Helen's reception of the Royalties, so simple and yet so full of tact and obvious affection for the Duchess of Connaught, whom she has known most of her life. The magnificent pearl-and-diamond collar presented by the residents of the County of Durham to Lady Helen Stewart is composed of eight rows of pearls of exceptional quality and colour, with three diamond fancy bars and a diamond snap, and is one of the finest pieces of jewellery turned out by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of Regent Street.

By a real stroke of good luck, Daisy will enjoy her first ball under delightful auspices. Lord Rosebery deserves the good word of every “Chaperon.” He delights in giving pleasure to his clever daughter's contemporaries, and to-night (Wednesday) he literally opens the social season with what promises to be a delightful dance.

"MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC.

THE dramatic dish served up by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson is Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "Mice and Men." *Sketch* readers will remember—for the play was described by me in some detail when it was first tried at Manchester close upon three months ago—that this not too well-named piece is a kind of eighteenth-century comedy. The scene is chiefly laid at Old Hampstead, in a quaint old house belonging to one Mark Embury, described as "scholar, scientist, and philanthropist."

As a matter of fact, Mark is what is called in the American language a crank. Early in life he was crossed in love, but, now he has fallen into middle-age, he fondly thinks (good, easy Professor!) to select from a group of girls one whom he can educate and train with a view to making her his wife and to place her at the head of his sober but often eccentric household. In order that he may select a bride-elect altogether untainted by association with this more or less wicked world, the sage Professor has brought before him a group of girls from the Foundling Hospital, all under convoy of a portentous Beadle.

From this group of very varied orphans, Professor Embury chooses a likely-looking youngster, who has been nicknamed "Little Britain," after the street wherein she was found. This damsel, afterwards

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW GARRICK PLAY.

THAT Mr. Arthur Bourchier is a shrewd manager as well as a sound comedian is shown by the fact that he has followed that brilliantly written but not too blithe play, "Iris," with a piece of the most epigrammatic, not to say most audacious, type. This is Mr. Anthony Hope's political comedy entitled "Pilkerton's Peerage."

This play, at one time, I learn, called "The Way to Do It," might be described as a drama of Downing Street. To be candid, I marvel how it chanced that the Play Licenser passed so much political "business" and dialogue of a "giving-away" kind.

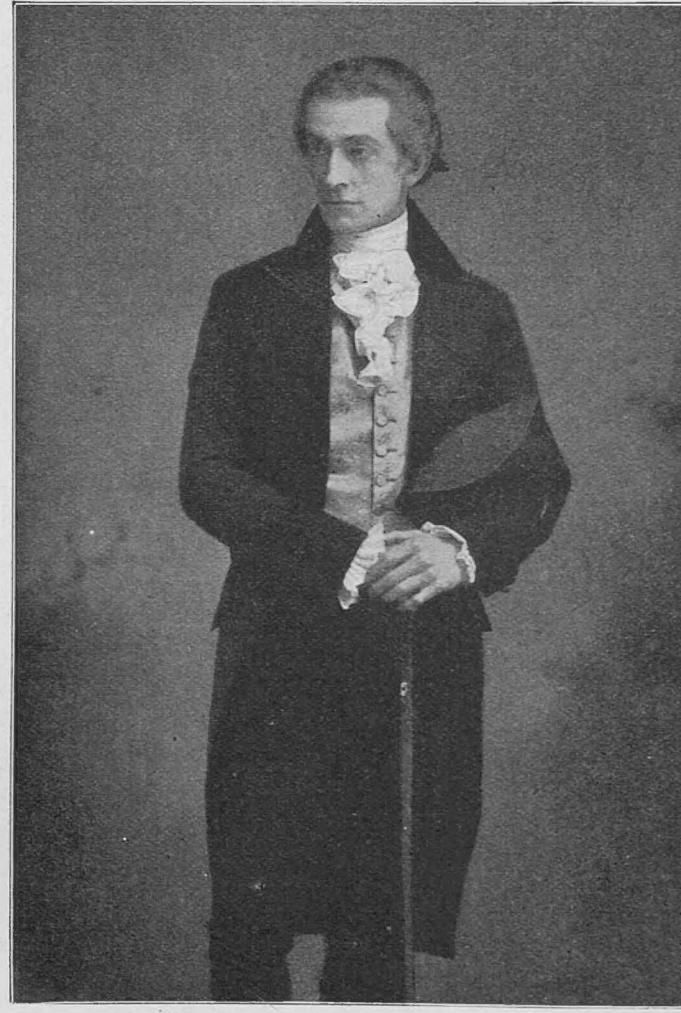
From the time the play opens, in a scene which, even to the spittoon-shaped telephone, is the exact replica of the Prime Minister's Private Secretary's Room in Downing Street, right on to its development in Plutocrat Pilkerton's Country House on a certain Sunday afternoon and evening, the name of Pilkerton seems to permeate the atmosphere. Everyone who visits or meets the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Horatio Mangan, M.P., or his Private Secretary, the Hon. Lucius Vaudean, C.B., or his unpaid Assistant Private Secretary, the Earl of Addisworth, M.P., or their respective sisters, cousins, or sweethearts, is fated in some way, consciously or unconsciously, to bring up the name of Pilkerton and his claims for a Peerage.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "LITTLE BRITAIN."

IN THE PRODUCTION OF "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS MARK EMBURY.

known as Peggy, he proceeds to train in the way in which he thinks she should go. When she grows up, however—and she soon grows up into a very charming young woman—she, of course, departs from that way. That is, of course, she falls in love with someone else. With the—shall I say usual?—perversity of her sweet sex, Peggy's choice falls upon a young man who is at first by no means worthy of her, namely, Captain George Lovell, the Professor's nephew, whose time in the early part of the play is principally taken up by clandestinely wooing his uncle's friend's wife, Mrs. Goodlake.

All this business, sandwiched with the perplexed Mark's attempts to mould and anon to woo Peggy, has been arranged by Mrs. Ryley with much ingenuity, leading to several well-conceived and well-contrasted acting scenes. That the dialogue would be bright and epigrammatic was only to be expected from the author of "Jedbury Junior" and "An American Citizen." As the perplexed philanthropist-scientist, whose schemes, like the Mice and Men of the play's somewhat strained title, "gang agley," Mr. Forbes-Robertson has an excellent character, which he plays not only artistically, but with a winsome gentleness. Miss Gertrude Elliott, as the fascinating but wayward foundling, "Little Britain," has the best acting character she has yet had in England. The rest of the cast, somewhat altered since the Manchester production, contains some clever impersonations, of which more anon.

Anon, there comes a time when the principal love-business of the play is not only involved but even threatened by the Peerage-seeking Pilkerton. This becomes especially the case with the Prime Minister's Private Secretary, Vaudean, a finely written character exactly suited to the buoyant method of Mr. Arthur Bourchier. It is regarding that Private Secretary and his sweetheart—daughter of the ambitious and not too conscientious plutocrat—that the crux of the play occurs. Shall Vaudean use his influence to procure his would-be papa-in-law, Pilkerton, that coveted title, and so win the sweet daughter? Or shall he pooh-pooh Pilkerton and lose her?

I think I may promise *Sketch* readers much lively and even sympathetic interest in this and several similar scenes. Also, I can assuredly promise them much enjoyment in the acting of Mr. Edmund Maurice as the perplexed but mostly well-meaning Prime Minister; in the engaging representation of a pretty young widow, Lady Hetty Wrey, by Miss Eva Moore, and in the bright acting of Mr. H. V. Esmond as the aristocratic, but, alas! not too wise, Assistant Secretary. Other commendable impersonations are the firm, decisive Pilkerton of Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, and the dainty Miss Pilkerton of Mrs. Maesmore Morris.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Hope has by this bright and saucy play served Mr. Bourchier well, and that Mr. Bourchier has by his cast and his mounting done ditto to Mr. Hope.

H. C. N.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Mournful Anniversary—Looking Forward to the Coronation—A Diamond-Mine in the Strand—An Amiable Autocrat—The Lost Test-Match—A Coincidence in Dust-Storms—The Prince of Wales's Journey—Wood-Pavement for the Embankment—English Girls and Foreigners.

SOME of the papers last week tried to make the first anniversary of Queen Victoria's death an occasion for wearing violets, but the idea did not catch on. There was nothing to connect the late Queen with violets, and these things must come spontaneously or not at all. I saw some flower-girls with baskets of splendid purple violets, but they did not sell any faster than usual. It is not that "The Man in the Street" does not mourn the late Queen, but we have had so much sadness of late years that we are all looking forward to the summer and to the Coronation, which is to be the central event of the year. At present, we are all looking forward and have little inclination for looking backward.

The Coronation is to take place on Thursday, the 26th of June, and Parliament will probably declare the day a national holiday. They may just as well, for we shall not do any work on that day—nor, for the matter of that, on the Friday, when the great procession through London will occur. The route will be the same as that of the Diamond Jubilee Procession, so poor old Regent Street will be left out in the cold again. But, after all, that is the fault of Regent Street for running north and south instead of east and west. It is a pity, for Regent Street is a fine, wide thoroughfare and would make a splendid setting for the ceremony.

Meanwhile, as the procession is to go down the Strand, the authorities will have to look sharp if they are going to make what is left of the historic street passable by the end of June. At present the space between the Gaiety and St. Mary-le-Strand looks like a picture of a Kimberley diamond-mine, but, however deep they dig, they do not seem to be able to get below the old bricks. By the way, it seems as if we should not have the American sky-scraper on that site after all, as the L.C.C. and the syndicate are squabbling over a trifle of nine hundred years in the lease. All the better if it is never built, say I, for walking along the Strand would be like strolling in the bottom of a well if these American monstrosities are to be put up. Let us have a little light and air.

I used to think that a policeman at a crossing was the most autocratic individual in the world, but I have changed my mind. I see that Dr. Warre has ordered all the tradesmen and their employés who have anything to do with Eton College to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated immediately. Of course, Dr. Warre is quite right, for it would be an awful thing if the small-pox were to get into a school of nine hundred boys. But what a splendid way of giving an order! The Czar of Russia is not in it with Dr. Warre.

So we lost the third test-match at Adelaide, in spite of our lead on the first innings. I cannot say that I was surprised, for the Australians never know when they are beaten, and the harder the job they have to tackle, the harder they are to get out. Barnes was a most serious loss to our side, and I am glad to see that he is going on well. But the Australians beat us fairly and squarely in batting, for, though the wicket was in a bad state for the conclusion of our second innings, it was in an even worse condition for the second innings of the Australians. But the Colonists went in with a dogged determination to win, and, as they had plenty of time, they never threw away a chance, and played sure but most uninteresting cricket. I do not think that our men have grasped the possibilities of that style of play yet.

There was a curious coincidence in the dust-storm which interrupted the test-match at Adelaide. On Aug. 15, 1899, on the second day of the England v. Australia, there was a dust-storm at the Oval which stopped the play. It was a very thundery sort of a day, and a sudden storm of wind covered the ground with whirling clouds of dust, but the interruption lasted only about a quarter-of-an-hour. I remember that day; it was one of the hottest of the whole year.

I only just caught a glimpse of the Prince of Wales as he passed through London on his way to Germany last Friday. I should not think that the Prince much cares for having to visit Germany just now, when the Teutons are so rabid against us; but business is business, and, of course, the visit could not be put off without causing an open row. All I can say is that I wish the Sailor-Prince a pleasant journey home again.

I quite agree with the Cyclists' Touring Club that the Thames Embankment should be paved with wood instead of macadam. At present, it is dusty in summer and muddy in winter—that is, supposing that it is not up all along its length for alterations and repairs. The Embankment is chiefly used by cyclists, as cabbies, somehow, do not care to go along it, and so, Gentlemen of the Highways Committee,

we should like a good hard-wood pavement laid down next time you pull the roadway to pieces, which, judging from past experience, should be before very long.

I hope that the Foreign Marriages' Bill will be made law this Session. I remember writing about a year ago on the case of a poor girl who married a Frenchman of twenty-five, and who discovered when she got to Paris that she was not legally married, because the overgrown baby had neglected to ask his Mamma's consent to the marriage. I hope, if it can be done, that the Bill will make deception and desertion of English girls by foreign rascals an impossibility, or, at least, a very rare occurrence. But I don't see myself what any English girl wants to marry a foreigner for.

"MADEMOISELLE MARS," AT THE IMPERIAL.

IT is humiliating to think that there are quite a dozen plays concerning Napoleon for one about any figure in our history. The latest piece in which the "Little Corporal" figures is "Mademoiselle Mars," presented on Saturday by Mrs. Langtry at her handsome new theatre. However, Mr. Paul Kester, the author, like the playwrights who wrote "Madame Sans-Gêne," does not make the great Emperor chief figure in the play, but introduces us to Mademoiselle Mars, a famous actress whose relations in real life with Napoleon have not escaped censure, though at the Imperial Theatre her conduct is irreproachable. It would be difficult for a modern writer to give a true character-study of such a woman as Mademoiselle Mars, and, presumably aware of the difficulty, Mr. Kester has avoided the enterprise and merely treats her as the conventional stage-heroine of historical melodrama, and relies for success on the plot and incidents of the story of the actress, her sweetheart, the Duc d'Aumont, and Bonaparte. In 1794, when the Corsican Ogre was, apparently, a man of no importance, Mademoiselle Mars not only saves him from Fouché, but gets him a passport and lends him a thousand francs, half of which she borrows from the Duke, and takes as security for the loan his map of Europe and manuscript History of Corsica; on the same day, by means of her influence with Barras, she protects the Duke. Seventeen years pass; Mademoiselle Mars is still a famous actress and loves d'Aumont—what has happened between her and him during the seventeen years or why nothing has happened one does not know. Bourbon conspiracies are in the air, d'Aumont is suspect, makes an indiscreet visit to Mademoiselle Mars, is arrested, attempts to shoot someone, and is condemned to death, and the actress also is made a prisoner on a charge of complicity. How Mademoiselle Mars escapes from confinement, beards Napoleon in his den, pleads for her lover, and then, like Madame Sans-Gêne, presents her little account to the Emperor, and triumphs over him; how she resists his advances, and in the end is invited to come with the Duke to cold supper with the Emperor and Empress, are matters that it is best to leave to the dramatist to tell.

Seeing that the theatre is decorated in Empire style, it is quite a happy thought to give an Empire play and present the magnificence of the mushroom Court whose *bérus* were the delight of the aristocrats of Europe. Perhaps greater insistence of the humours of the Court would have been a gain, but probably the author was more concerned about his story than its setting. Mrs. Langtry naturally cast herself for the character of the beautiful actress, and it is needless to say how she looked in the wonderful costumes designed for her. The part is showy and effective, and the actress by her skill, charm, and beauty caused the audience to receive her work very favourably. Mr. Lewis Waller, the Napoleon, obliterated the humorous side of the character, but still gave a decidedly striking performance. As an unsuccessful rival of Mademoiselle Mars, Miss Madge McIntosh acted cleverly, and a bright little piece of acting was given by Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson. One cannot deal with all of those—amongst them, Miss Ashwynne, Messrs. Frank Dyall, Edward O'Neill, and R. Farquharson—who contributed to the success of the new piece.

M. Dohnanyi, the celebrated pianist, gave his only recital at St. James's Hall last Friday. His remarkable execution greatly impressed the audience in works by Schumann, Beethoven, Chopin, and others.

The London Ballad Concerts at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon afforded lovers of ballad-music a great treat, the songs being interpreted by such vocalists as Miss Ada Crossley, Madame Clara Butt, Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Amy Castles (the new Colonial "star"), Miss Ruth Vincent, &c. Miss MacCormac played a violin solo. M. Vladimir de Pachmann (the gifted Polish pianist), Mr. Lane Wilson, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Jack Robertson were among the masculine performers. Miss Florence sang Ophelia's song from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet"; Madame Clara Butt gave "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila"; Miss Ada Crossley was heard in two songs by Mallinson, and Mr. Plunket Greene sang Schubert's "Erl King." Several new songs were also given for the first time.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS NAPOLEON, THE HERO OF "MADEMOISELLE MARS,"

MRS. LANGTRY'S GRAND NEW PRODUCTION AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

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THOUGH League football possesses a large amount of interest for the million, there is no competition at the winter game which claims so much genuine attention as that for the Association Cup. Even those who have no particular fondness for professional football are irresistibly drawn to the Cup, in which the first round of the competition proper was played on Saturday. Of the thirty-two Clubs engaged, seven belong to the South, including, of course, the holders, Tottenham Hotspur. Reading proved successful over Notts County, but Woolwich Arsenal were beaten by Newcastle United, and in the matches in which the remainder of the Southerners engaged no tangible result was arrived at. The draw had placed Tottenham Hotspur and Southampton together, and, the match taking place at Tottenham, there was a remarkably large attendance, nearly thirty thousand. It is not an uncommon thing for the holders to be beaten in the first round, and Tottenham Hotspur narrowly escaped this fate, which, perhaps, awaits them at Southampton, where they will now have to play off the tie. While one of the sixteen matches could not be brought off owing to snow covering the ground, the question of superiority has yet to be decided in seven other instances, so that the round may be said to have been left in a very incomplete state. The successful ones were Sheffield United, Notts Forest, Sunderland, Bury, Bolton Wanderers, Walsall, and Reading.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Windsor.

The stay of the Court at Windsor Castle naturally aroused the greatest interest and loyal enthusiasm in the neighbourhood of the grand old Castle, and it is confidently predicted in the town of Windsor that their Majesties will in future spend a great deal of time there. The King and Queen have chosen as their special suite of apartments a charming set of rooms situated on the east side of the historic pile; these are particularly bright and airy, and it was there that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert spent much of their ideally happy life. Till the alterations were undertaken by the King's wish, the rooms formerly inhabited by Prince Albert had remained absolutely untouched, and they were never entered save by the late Sovereign herself and a trusted attendant whose duty it was to keep them dusted and aired.

The Royal Gathering at Frogmore.

In spirit, the whole nation accompanied the Sovereign, his august Consort, and the Royal Family to Frogmore last Wednesday. Nothing could have been simpler, yet nothing more impressive, than the service performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor. The hymns selected by Queen Alexandra and Princess Christian were known to be those specially liked by our late beloved Queen, and an anthem, "She has her heart's desire," specially written for the occasion by Mr. Arthur Benson, and set to music by Sir Walter Parratt, wound up the beautiful and appropriate service.

A Royal Confirmation.

By a happy inspiration, and one which would certainly have commended itself to Queen Victoria, their Majesties arranged that on the very day succeeding the fateful 22nd, and while the whole Royal Family were still gathered together at the Castle, a Royal Confirmation should take place. The brilliant little ceremony was attended by the Queen and by the Princess of Wales, who, for the first time since last winter, appeared in non-mourning costumes. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg were confirmed, and received beautiful gifts from their relations, as is the custom abroad.

A Touching Story. Just before the Prince Consort's death, Queen Victoria and her husband had a pair of busts done of themselves, with a view of giving them to Princess Alice, who was at the time already engaged to be married to Prince Louis of Hesse. When the tragic and sudden event occurred which transformed the Queen from a happy wife into a desolate widow, Her Majesty could not bear to see this presentment of herself done so soon before her bereavement; therefore—taking only one or two trusty

The Prince of Wales at Berlin.

During his stay at Berlin, the Prince of Wales is his Imperial cousin's guest at the Royal Schloss. During the course of this week His Royal Highness will pay a brief visit to Neu Strelitz, the old-world Capital of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz's Grand Duchy, and also to the Duchess of Albany at Potsdam.

Royal Musicians.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the concert given recently in the Picture Gallery of East Cowes Castle, in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society, had what may perhaps be called an almost unique experience and one likely to be treasured in the memory for many years. Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg—still better-known as Princess Beatrice—as Governor of the Isle of Wight, was present, as also was Prince Purachatra, brother of the Crown Prince of Siam. In addition to the fact that a march composed by Her Royal Highness was performed, and secured an enthusiastic encore, the occasion was peculiarly interesting seeing that the orchestra included such distinguished juvenile performers as Princess Victoria and the Princes Alexander, Leopold, and Maurice of Battenberg, who, one may be sure, were proud to perform as interpreters of their Royal mother's own musical composition.



AN UNFAMILIAR PORTAIT OF THE KING.

Photographed by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

Ranelagh Club Coronation Year Fixtures.

The Ranelagh Club has just issued a most interesting preliminary programme of fixtures, and it is clear that the Secretary and the Committee hope to add to the glories of the forthcoming Coronation season. The first event of any great importance will take place towards the end of April, and will be gallantly devoted to the Ladies' Golf Meeting. On May Day, the Household Brigade will do its best to beat Ranelagh in fair and open polo-fight, and on the last day of May is to take place, weather permitting, a particularly notable affair, this being no less than the Aéro Club Meeting. As to the June fixtures, the Ladies' Sports on the first Saturday, the Automobile Races on the second Saturday, the Duchess of Newcastle's Terrier Show on the third Saturday, and the Ranelagh Horse Show on the fourth Saturday are of universal interest, and each caters for a wide public. The usual Meet of the Coaching Club will be arranged later in the season.

"Blue-Bell" and her Fairy Home.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is now charming all the world as "Blue-Bell in Fairyland," is, as most people are aware, in private life known to her immense circle of friends as Mrs. Seymour Hicks. She is the most devoted of wives and mothers, and few children have a happier home than has the pretty little girl she has adopted. A very charming article might be written on our actresses and their children. At the present moment, Stageland is crowded with delightful children, and it will be interesting to see whether many of them will inherit their distinguished parents' talents. It is clear that Miss Viola Tree has done so, as she not only acts charmingly, but is in constant request at private theatricals, her dancing being the true embodiment of the poetry of motion. Then, Mrs. H. B. Irving (Dorothea Baird) is the proud mother of a particularly clever and good-looking little boy. Mrs. Fred Terry (Julia Neilson) has also provided the world with little copies of herself, and Mrs. Cyril Maude (Winifred Emery) is never happier than when accompanying her little ones to a children's party. As for the stage-babies, they form quite a notable little group.

Play by Albert Chevalier.

Grateful to Mr. Chevalier for a store of artistic enjoyment, all who have witnessed this great actor's many lyric creations will unite cordially with *The Sketch*, I am sure, in wishing success to the new play, "Memory's Garden," which he has written in conjunction with the rising young novelist, Mr. Tom Gallon. The collaborators are fortunate in the fact that Mr. Robert Newman (who has for years included Mr. Albert Chevalier's inimitable recitals under his management at the Queen's Hall) has taken the Comedy Theatre on purpose to produce "Memory's Garden" next month.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS (MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS) AND HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

servants into her confidence—she had the bust safely put away in a cavity in one of the walls of her private apartments. Thence it has just been exhumed, and, together with the companion bust, which always accompanied the late Sovereign wherever she might happen to be, it is now to be placed in the great corridor which contains so many priceless relics of our Royal Family.

A Regal House-Party.

Lord and Lady Howe's house-party convened to have the honour of meeting the Sovereign was a particularly interesting one, and included some of the most popular people now in Society, as well as several fair women and brave men who are known to stand very high in the favour of



LADY HOWE, WHO WITH LORD HOWE ENTERTAINED THE KING.

Photograph by F. Thomson.

their Majesties. The versatile M. de Soveral, who has represented the Court of Lisbon at the Court of St. James's for so long, was the only foreigner. This is the first Royal house-party given by Lord and Lady Howe since Lord Howe succeeded to the title; but the King, as Prince of Wales, stayed some days with the present Peer's father at Penn and retains very pleasant recollections of the excellent sport he then enjoyed. The record made on that visit was, however, broken on this occasion, when one day's bag actually included thirteen hundred pheasants, among the guns being such noted shots as Lord de Grey, Captain Wilson, Mr. George Keppel, and Mr. Henry Stonor, the latter not only a first-rate sportsman, but quite an authority on game, owing to his having, at one time, run a most successful game-farm in Hungary.

The British Empire's Shrine. How strange it is to think that the comparatively small though by no means insignificant building known to the Royal Borough as the Mausoleum, Frogmore, is likely to become in the course of time our great Empire's principal shrine! There, during countless ages to come, the denizen of Greater Britain will wend reverently his way, for it is here that Queen Victoria elected to be laid to rest by the side of her Consort, instead of choosing one of the more splendid burial-places already containing the ashes of Great Britain's Kings and Queens. Curiously little is known concerning the Mausoleum, Frogmore, and during Queen Victoria's lifetime only one day in the year were the public allowed to see the interior of this most exquisite and interesting little chapel, which, in its way, is as remarkable an example of conjugal love and faithfulness as the world-famous Taj. The building, as seen from the outside, is quite plain, but inside nothing can be more beautiful and ornate, particularly fine being the great frescoes and the various pieces of statuary erected in memory of

those departed members of the Royal Family whom the late Sovereign considered worthy of a place therein, notably the late Princess Alice and the Duchess of Kent.

Queen Victoria Memorial Service in Berlin.

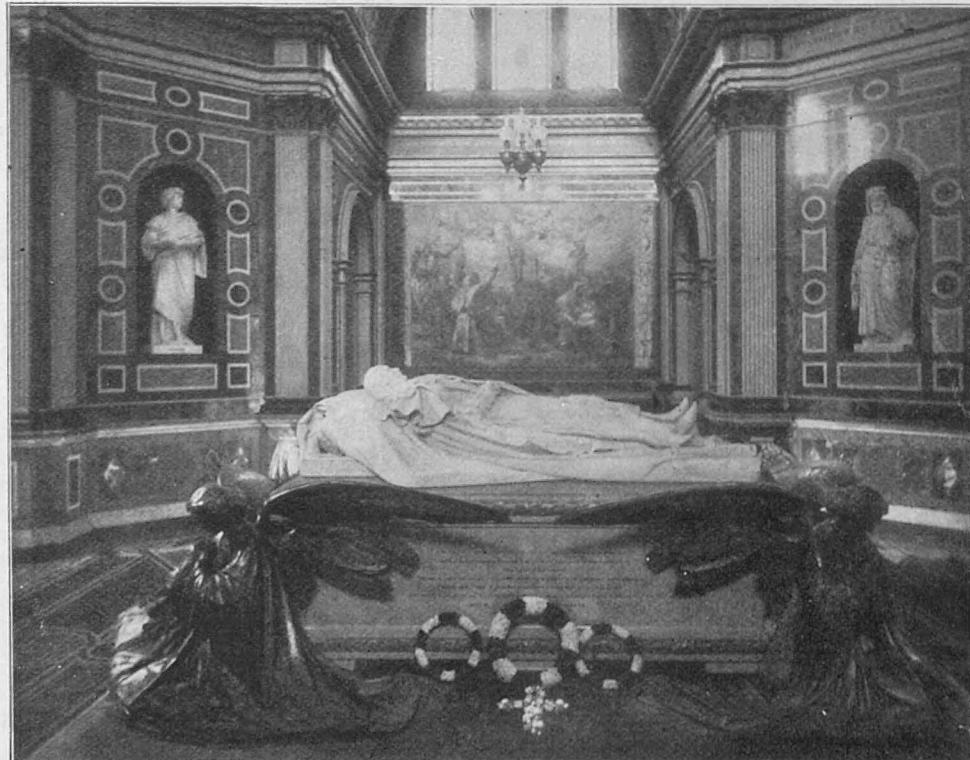
the Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A., the British Chaplain in Berlin. The service was quite simple in character and very beautiful. The church was quite full, every seat available having been taken a full quarter-of-an-hour before the service was commenced. The Kaiser and the Duchess of Albany sat in the Royal pew, on the south side of the church. This pew was always occupied during the lifetime of Her Majesty the late Empress Frederick both morning and afternoon, and in all probability the Emperor will give instructions that it shall be continued to be reserved as the Royal pew for the future.

Sir J. H. A. Macdonald and the Volunteers.

Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, who has been connected with the Volunteer Force since 1869, was entertained at dinner on the occasion of his retiring from the command of the Forth Volunteer Infantry Brigade, in recognition of what he has accomplished in the great improvement of the Volunteer Force and the Regular Army. Sir John after he joined rose through all the ranks until, in 1888, he became Commander of the Forth Volunteer Infantry Brigade. One sacrifice he made when he first joined the Volunteers was to go home and shave off a fine pair of Dundreary whiskers. In the early days, he said, he could remember four drills a-day was not uncommon. He had heard a quiet fellow give his view as to promotion. "Well, if I could get the chance, I'd be a Major." "What for?" asked his comrade. "Oh," he said, "it's a grand thing to have nothing to do but sit on a horse and cry 'Steady!'" The real object of the Volunteers was to show the spirit of the people, and, if ever they had a great war, to get hold of a great number of men for the Regular Army. Sir John is a great motor-carist and was upset from a machine lately; he took part in a run from London to Edinburgh, and has his name associated with many electrical and life-saving inventions, as well as with the introduction of post-cards into the United Kingdom. He has even written children's stories, under the pen-name of "Jean Jambon." This Scottish Judge is certainly not as "grave as a Judge."

A Millionaire's Library.

The man who has provided so many communities with Public Libraries, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is himself being provided for. Lord Acton, Professor of History, Oxford, has been responsible for the selection, which, after approval by the Laird of Skibo, had been handed on to Mr. Hew Morrison, who has purchased the volumes regardless of expense. When completed, the number will not be far short of eight thousand volumes, and the cost over ten thousand pounds. Many of the volumes are resplendent in blue and red morocco by Reviere and others. The historians and philosophical writers are well represented in the collection, and the poets and novelists down to our own times also find a place.



THE MAUSOLEUM OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT FROGMORE, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY ATTENDED THE SOLEMN SERVICE ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER LATE MAJESTY'S DEATH.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

The Dignified Lords.

The House of Lords is, as usual at the beginning of a Session, taking life easily. As it has not "the gift of the gab," it waits leisurely till the other House, with much speaking, produces a few measures. The Bills which the Peers themselves initiate are not of first-class importance. More frequent debates might be welcome even for the sake of providing Lord Rosebery with a platform. Lord Rosebery has not returned to the bench of his colleagues, but continues to sit in the corner below the gangway, as indicated in the drawing. Here he can, by leaning forward, chat with the occupants of the cross-benches. Earl Roberts sits, as a rule, on the front cross-bench. Just behind him, on a memorable occasion, Lord Wolseley made his complaint against Lord Lansdowne's administration of the War Office. While Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts cannot take a political side, as it is his duty to serve whatever Government may be in office. Lord Lansdowne is one of the keenest occupants of the Government bench. He is cool, alert, and wary. As he has no superfluous weight, he presents a strong contrast to the Prime Minister, beside whom he frequently sits. But the Marquis of Salisbury's well-known prudence in the conduct of foreign affairs doubtless influences the present Foreign Secretary in dealing with the most difficult International problems; and the Prime Minister's faithful reflections of the robust national sentiment in his Parliamentary speeches have still much to do with the popularity of the present Government.

Lord Rosebery, though absent in the flesh, was present in the spirit throughout the War debate of the House of Commons. There was an amusing contention for the noble Lord. Mr. Chamberlain, in the speech which, according to that fighting - man, Mr. Balfour, "knocked everybody out of time," argued that there was little difference between Chesterfield and the Colonial Office, whereupon Sir William Harcourt turned long passages from the famous oration to his own account. This performance reminded an audacious Radical of the quotation of inspired words by an eminent personage "who had not done so much public service" as Sir William, and Mr. Balfour wittily described the latter trying to tie himself to Lord Rosebery's chariot-wheels. The lot of

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was not made happier by the War debate. Although the official Opposition amendment had been drafted to please all sections, it satisfied only the centre men. Pro-Boers who disliked voting for the effective prosecution of the War complained that "C.-B." had been captured by the Imperialists, and Mr. Lloyd-George described him as being stripped by his captors and left helpless on the veldt. The good taste of this passage was questioned, but the division showed there was some truth in it. Uncompromising Roseberyites refused to vote for an amendment which denounced the policy of the Government, even although it supported effective War-measures. A manœuvre which was intended to heal divisions resulted in sub-divisions.

Mr. Arnold White. The name of Mr. Arnold White was a good deal in evidence in the early days of the Parliamentary vacancy in Hampstead. First spoken of as a likely candidate himself—and Mr. White wooed a Metropolitan constituency as long ago as 1886—he became the champion of Lord Charles Beresford, until the gallant sailor, in his laconic fashion, called a halt. For a considerable time back, Mr. Arnold White has made the "betterment" of the Navy and all its ramifications the subject of his trenchant pen, and this fact accounts for his desire to secure the return to Parliament at the earliest possible moment of an expert like Lord Charles. Born about the middle of last century—his father, the Rev. Edward White,

was a distinguished Nonconformist preacher—Mr. Arnold White has inherited his parent's tenacity of opinion and his vivid forcefulness of expression. When he sought Parliamentary honours, sixteen years ago, Mr. White was an ardent advocate of Home Rule—he would say in respect to this that he was young then—an unstable plank, he now considers, in the Liberal platform. No one knows London in its varied phases more intimately than does Mr. Arnold White, and his "Problems of a Great City," which is a masterly achievement, fully evinces this.

The Charing Cross Statue of King Charles.

It may appropriately be stated, in view of the interest that will centre to-day in the equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross—which for some years now, on each recurring anniversary of that monarch's death, has been encircled with beautiful floral wreaths and other tokens of devotion from the little, scattered group who cherish the Jacobite tradition and sentiment—that a curious story attaches to it. Although completed in 1633, the statue had not been erected when the Civil War broke out, and Parliament subsequently sold it to a brazier for, it is said, melting-down purposes. By some means, the antique statue, the position of which, notwithstanding its historic character and masterly execution, prevents close examination, was preserved, and reared, after the Restoration, in Whitehall—not far from the spot on which Charles "bowed his comely head"—to the memory of the "martyred King."

For some time past the strawberry-leaves have not been represented at "the Front." This omission will soon, however, be rectified, for the gallant Duke of Montrose is just leaving for South Africa, in command of the 3rd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Although his personality is not so well known as that of many of his brother Dukes, his Grace of Montrose is one of the most notable wearers of the strawberry - leaves, and his beautiful, kind-hearted Duchess is simply adored in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, where much sympathy is felt for her at the present moment, for she and the Duke are a very devoted couple, and, although a special Providence is supposed to watch over the high nobility when in the field, the Boer bullet has shown on many occasions during the last two and a-half

years that it is no respecter of persons, and at least one Duke—the Duke of Roxburghe—has been times innumerable in the greatest danger of his life.

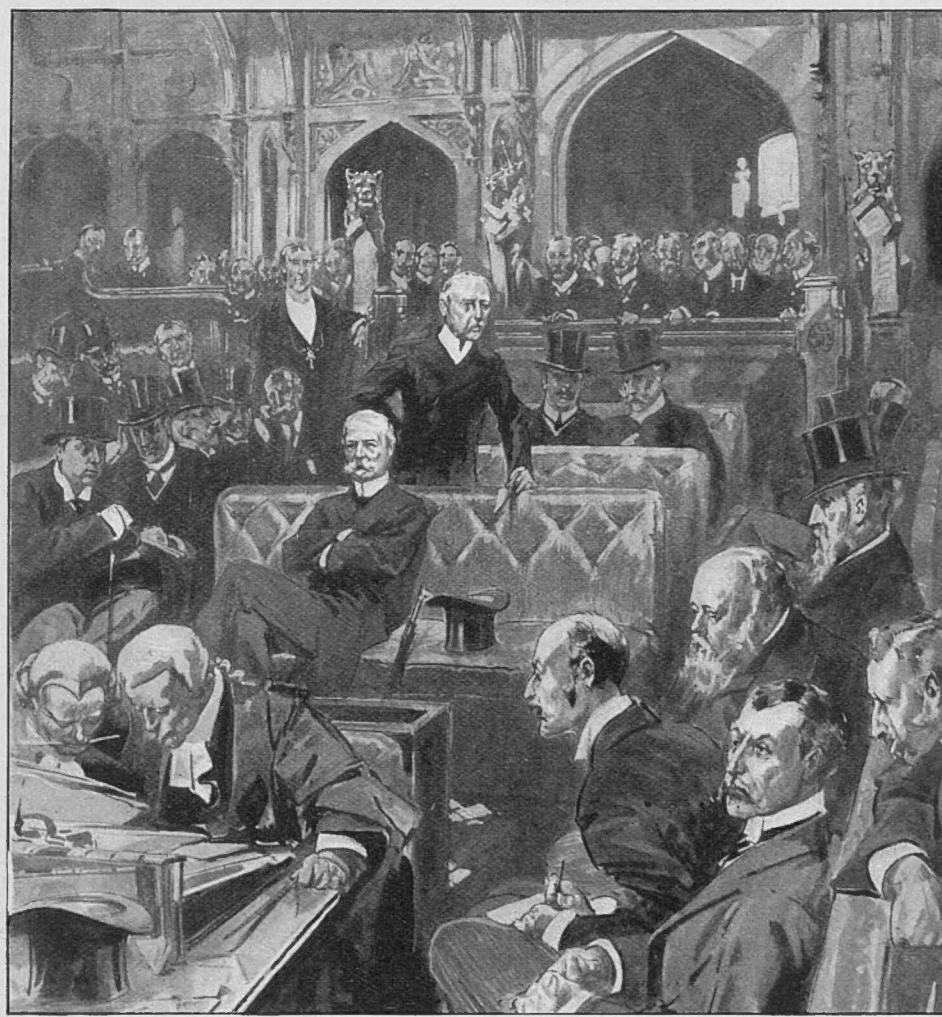
Sir Frederick Bridge and John Jenkins.

Everybody knows by this time that Sir Frederick Bridge is to have charge of the musical arrangements for the Coronation service, and that, as organist of the Abbey, he will take his place at his own familiar instrument. But most people are not so well aware that Sir Frederick is an accomplished and humorous lecturer. At Windsor the other day—where, by the way, he was at one time organist of Trinity Church—he gave a highly interesting lecture on "A Composer of the Olden Time—John Jenkins," who was born in Kent in 1592. Sir Frederick was assisted by a number of ladies and gentlemen, who gave tuneful illustrations of "rare Jenkins's" music. One of Sir Frederick's most humorous anecdotes referred to an occasion when he lectured on "John Jenkins" in Wales, and was astonished at his enormous audience and the evident interest they took in English music. He found, however, that his auditors expected to hear an eulogium of a Welsh bard of the same name, and so he wisely decided not to mention that his John Jenkins was another man. The remains of the almost forgotten English John Jenkins lie in Kimberley Churchyard, Norfolk. At the Windsor lecture the Master of the King's Musick, Sir Walter Parratt, was in the chair.

Lord Rosebery.

Lord Wolseley.

Duke of Devonshire.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY FACED BY LORD ROSEBERY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Some Interesting Engagements.

Three notable engagements have just been made public. To the political and legal world the betrothal of the Lord Chancellor's pretty and only daughter, Lady Evelyn Gifford, to her cousin, Mr. Edward Gifford, who is a partner in Barclay's, is, of course, specially interesting. Lady Ottoline Bentinck, the half-sister of the Duke of Portland, who is a very clever and charming woman, will be a great addition to Oxford Society, where her fiancé, Mr. Philip Morell, is very well known, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morell, of Black Hall, Oxford, being equally popular with "town and gown." Mr. Philip Morell is a connection, through the marriage of one of his sisters, of the strenuous and able President of Magdalen.



Photograph by Bullingham. [See "The Chaperon."]

LATEST PORTRAIT OF LADY HELEN STEWART (DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY), MARRIED TO LORD STAVORDALE LAST SATURDAY AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EATON SQUARE.

the Cirencester division of that county. The three weddings are expected to take place after Easter.

Pulling Down the "Shutters."

Mr. George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters," who uses the pen-name of George Douglas, is a native of Ochiltree Parish, Ayrshire. He is engaged to be married to Miss Lizzie, third daughter of the late Bailie M'Lennan, Glasgow, who hails from the same district in Ayrshire.

Another Smart Military Wedding.

St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, was, on the afternoon of the 21st, the scene of yet another smart military wedding. This time the bridegroom was a young officer of the 2nd Life Guards—the Hon. Arthur O'Neill, Adjutant and Silver-Stick-in-Waiting to the King, eldest son of Lord O'Neill, of Shanes Castle, Antrim, and the bride the Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes, the eldest of the Earl of Crewe's three charming young daughters. Lord Crewe, it will be remembered, married in 1899, as his second wife, Lady "Peggy" Primrose, the younger of Lord Rosebery's daughters; but he will be, perhaps, better recognised as Lord Houghton, the popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland some seven years ago. Lady Annabel is but one-and-twenty, and a most charming and sweet girl, very popular in Society and greatly beloved in her own home-circle, especially by her step-mother, who is her dearest friend and only a few months her senior. Her late mother was one of the lovely daughters of the late Sir Frederick Ulric Graham of Netherby—she died when Lady Annabel was only five years old; and her sisters, the aunts of the bride, are the Duchess of Montrose, the Countess of Verulam, and Mrs. George Denison Faber, all beautiful women; while Lady Annabel is the great-great-granddaughter of the twelfth Duchess of Somerset (who was Queen of Beauty at the famous Eglinton Tournament), and consequently a direct descendant, on her mother's side, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

A Brilliant Ceremony.

The ceremony was a most brilliant one. The splendid band of the 2nd Life Guards was stationed in the Lady Chapel and during the arrival of the guests played selections of music, while the approach to the church and the centre aisle was lined on either side by a number of non-commissioned officers and troopers of the bridegroom's squadron, in all the glory of their splendid scarlet-and-white uniforms and steel cuirasses. The aged Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, performed the ceremony, and Lord Crewe gave his daughter away. Very graceful and pretty she looked in her simple wedding-dress of white satin veiled with chiffon and silver tissue, while in her pretty brown hair she wore a wreath of natural orange-flowers, covered by a plain tulle veil. Following her came twelve of the prettiest bridesmaids I have seen for some time; they were her twin sisters, the Ladies Celia and Cynthia Crewe-Milnes; the bridegroom's three sisters, the Hons. Henrietta, Rose, and Alice O'Neill; Lady Sybil Primrose (Lord Rosebery's daughter), Lady Grizel Cochrane (the gallant Lord Dundonald's daughter), Lady Hermione Graham (daughter of the Duke of Montrose), Lady Hermione Grimston (Lord Verulam's daughter), the Hon. Violet Monckton (daughter of Lord Galway), Miss Cochrane (the Hon. Thomas Cochrane's daughter), and Miss Muriel White (daughter of Mr. Henry White, the United States Chargé d'Affaires). They looked most picturesque in their dresses of cream Irish poplin, with Carrickmacross lace collars and gold waist-belts, while each

carried a white feather fan bearing her Christian name in gold, which was a present from the bridegroom. The Hon. Hugh O'Neill supported his brother as best man. The church was crowded with a most distinguished congregation, Lord Rosebery being present and looking none the worse after the long journey from Edinburgh. As Lord Crewe's house in Hill Street, off Berkeley Square, is rather small, only the relations—an army in themselves—and a few friends were invited to the subsequent reception held by the youthful Lady Crewe after the ceremony, and quite early in the afternoon the Hon. Arthur and Lady Annabel O'Neill left for Inchmery, the Dowager Lady De La Warr's place near Southampton. A marvellous collection of beautiful jewellery was bestowed upon the bride as wedding-presents, whilst Mr. O'Neill received a quantity of silver plate from the tenants on the Shanes estates and the officers of the 2nd Life Guards.

Who is Colonel Wing?

It is not so long ago that the name of Bruce Hamilton was comparatively unknown; but the more recent events of the War have rendered the gallant Major-General's patronymic almost as familiar as that of Lord Kitchener himself. A name which now seems likely to become prominent in the minds of his fellow-countrymen is that of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Drummond Vincent Wing, who has lately been commanding a column under Major-General Bruce Hamilton with conspicuous success. Lieutenant-Colonel Wing joined the Artillery nearly twenty-two years ago, and commanded a Field Battery throughout the investment of Ladysmith, being repeatedly noticed. Promoted to a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in April of last year, he was posted to the command of a Royal Horse Battery at Woolwich, and was ordered home. However, though his name now appears in the Army List as commanding the Battery, his services were required in Africa, and the predictions of those who knew him best have been amply justified by his exploits as a column leader. Those who have served with or under him at "the Front" unite in describing Lieutenant-Colonel Wing as not only a born leader of men, but as one of the most modest and unassuming officers in the whole British Army.

The late Aubrey de Vere.

The late Aubrey de Vere, the "Laureate of Ireland" and the *doyen* of British bards, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday as recently as the 10th of this month. Born at Curragh Chase, near Limerick, most of his long life had been spent in his native isle, though since he attained to man's estate no year passed without a portion of it being spent in London, which had for him, like many other notable Irishmen, an irresistible fascination. Aubrey de Vere was the friend of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and his reverence for the memory of the former was so strong and enduring that every summer till three years ago, when increasing years forbade the journey, he made a pilgrimage to Wordsworth's grave at Grasmere. In 1842, Aubrey de Vere gave his first volume of verse to the world; he wrote much in the late 'sixties on the Church disestablishment question in Ireland, and four years ago he published his recollections. Sir Stephen de Vere, who succeeded to the title in 1880, and whose heir Aubrey de Vere was, is well advanced in his ninetieth year.

Messrs. Heywood and Company, Limited, the publishers, of 150, Holborn, E.C., have in hand, and well advanced, a most elaborate subscription work, which has been limited to a comparatively small number of sets, the subscription being ten guineas. This work, "The British Empire in the First Year of the Twentieth Century: Its Capital Cities and Notable Men," is to be issued in two volumes and will contain over four hundred illustrations and portraits.



Photograph by Alice Hughes.



Photograph by Lafayette.

LADY ANNABEL CREWE-MILNES.

THE HON. ARTHUR O'NEILL.

MARRIED ON JAN. 21 AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

How did Calypso Make Love?

Mr. Tree is a lucky man. A fresh element of interest has at the last moment been created in his forthcoming grand production of "Ulysses" by reason of the disagreement of the gifted author, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and of the beauteous Mrs. Brown-Potter as to the way

point to the love-making scenes entrusted to their care. All the more praise is deserved by Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Miss Nancy Price. The forthcoming appearance of Miss Nancy Price is of more than usual interest. She is a very handsome girl who has made her way to the front rank in the histrionic world, entirely by talent and perseverance, within two and a-half years of her débüt. Miss Price began by "walking on" in the Benson Company, but was soon promoted to the smaller Shaksperian parts. Her Ceres in "The Tempest" was particularly well noticed. How Miss Price came to be engaged for the production of "Ulysses" was rather curious, though to play at Her Majesty's has always been her ambition, and her statuesque and imposing beauty fits her singularly well for that stage. In the early days of her career she had called there to put her name down for "understudy and walk-on," and had been noted by Mr. Tree, who told his henchman, Mr. Dana, to write to her for "Ulysses," and she was at once cast for the parts of Melantho and Anticlea, and, on the collapse of Calypso I., was given the part.



MISS NANCY PRICE, CALYPSO NO. 2 AT HER MAJESTY'S.

In "Ihre Familie,"
German Plays.
by Julius Stinde

and Georg Engel, played last week at St. George's Hall, Josefine Dora and Georg Worlitzsch (whose portraits are given on this page) had an admirable opportunity of exhibiting their talents. The piece can scarcely be called a musical comedy, as we understand the words—for the songs are very few and far between—but it is a truly merry little play. The plot, which turns on the question of the marriage of the son of a Countess with a dancer, Clara Kruger, and introduces the unforgiving mother, has seen service, it is true—in fact, it is really a German version of "Caste"—but the interest centres more particularly in Lilly, Clara's sister (Josefine Dora), and Ludolf, her workman-lover (Georg Worlitzsch). At the end of the second Act, these two sing a duet, called "Different Proposals," in which they give the various modes of proposing on the stage and their imitation of the "stars" of the Italian Opera evoked great applause. As the drunken, lazy father who is always looking for work—in the nearest tavern—Hans Werder

acquitted himself particularly well, for he did not fall into the usual error of overdoing such a part. The audience was especially enthusiastic at the close of the performance.

Shortly after the above notice was written, the sad news arrived that on the 22nd, at the close of the second Act of "Ihre Familie," Herr Georg Worlitzsch was seized with an apoplectic fit which terminated fatally. Frau Worlitzsch (Josefine Dora) immediately hurried to his side, but he expired in a few moments.

Mr. Pinero informs me that "Iris" is to be produced in New York next October. It is to have a powerful cast.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER, WHO HAS RESIGNED HER PART (CALYPSO) IN THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Talma, Melbourne.

Calypso should make love. The English Rostand holds, she says, that she should not let the divine passion interfere one whit with her careful delivery of his mellow verse, the even flow of which should not be interrupted by mere emotion. Mrs. Brown-Potter was for giving full fling to ardour and enthusiasm in this important love-scene. On this ticklish question, Miladi of Her Majesty's "Musketeers" fame has left the theatre, still the best of friends with Mr. Tree, who acknowledges in a graceful letter to this charming actress that in the play I have named her "presence was always a delight in the theatre."



THE LATE HERR GEORG WORLITZSCH, WHO DIED ON JAN. 22 WHILE PLAYING IN "IHRE FAMILIE."

Photograph by Cornand, Berlin.

I know there are many divergent opinions on this love-making business. Personally, I am inclined to sympathise and fully agree with Mrs. Brown-Potter. The fervid and chivalric love-making of Fechter, the ideal romantic lover, would have vitalised into success many a modern play that has gone tamely owing to passionless acting or a superabundance of "reserved force." The thrilling effect of Stella-Colas's confession of her love in the Balcony Scene has never been equalled by any subsequent Juliet. The fact is, many prominent actors and actresses of the present day are too much wrapped up in their own individualities to give adequate



FRAU WORLITZSCH (JOSEFINE DORA), WIDOW OF THE LATE ACTOR.

Photograph by Grünberger, Prague.

A King at the Stuttgart Fire.

It is not often (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) that a King is seen sitting in a box in a theatre looking on at the firemen trying to quench the raging fire that is destroying that same theatre. But this was seen last week at Stuttgart, when the Royal Theatre was ablaze from midnight till seven the next morning. The King of Würtemberg, having been informed after midnight that his theatre was being burnt down, promptly hurried to the spot, and sat in one of the foremost boxes and encouraged the firemen in their arduous duties. The fire seems to have originated long after the public had left the building, and appears to have been caused by some defect in the electric-lighting. The whole theatre has been quite burnt out, and the fire brigade experienced considerable difficulty in preventing the fire from spreading to a neighbouring building. The King of Würtemberg has shown his sympathy for the actors and actresses affected by assuring them that they shall continue to receive their salaries just the same, despite the fire.

Visit of the Prince of Wales to Berlin.

Referring to the Prince of Wales's visit to Berlin, my Correspondent in the Prussian Capital adds that the report that His Royal Highness would be present at a large ball at the British Embassy was incorrect, but not altogether unfounded. The fact is that Miss Lascelles, the only daughter of the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, celebrates her birthday on the 27th, the same day as the German Emperor's. Naturally, it is impossible for her to keep her birthday on that day, in view of all the hurry and flurry caused by the Prince's visit. Miss Lascelles is, therefore, going to have a private dance on the evening of the day following at the Embassy. This had given rise to the rumour above-mentioned.

The Emperor's New Motor-Car.

The Kaiser, though, perhaps, not quite such an ardent automobilist as His Majesty King Edward, is yet very fond of this modern form of sport. His new motor-car, which is painted outside with white enamel, with narrow gold stripes setting off the white, is a 16-horse-power motor, with an arrangement of wheels capable of altering the pace from five to forty miles an hour. With the mere movement of one powerful lever, the machine can be altered so as to go either forwards or backwards, fast or slow. Two brilliant acetylene-lamps light its path at night, and a thick plate-glass shield protects the passengers—the motor is capable of holding four people—from the wind. The machinery is kept well oiled all over by means of a central pump. Altogether, the motor-car seems to be everything that could be desired.

Another Baneful Duel in Germany.

Despite the German Emperor's strict orders, duelling seems to continue unabated in Germany. The latest instance is of a none too reputable character. A highly respected Herr von Benningsen, son of a well-known German officer and member of a German family of very good standing, has just been killed in a duel. His opponent, according to the accounts in all the papers, seems to have made himself objectionable by corresponding with and constantly being in the society of the late Herr von Benningsen's wife, a charming lady with five children. The name of the culprit is Falkenhagen; he was a tenant of some of His Majesty's land, is a man of about thirty, and unmarried. Evidently scenting probable unpleasant inquiries, he realised as much of his money as he could after the duel, left his house, near Hanover, and proceeded to Berlin, where he promptly began to consort with all the most disreputable characters in the town. Indeed, he was arrested in a low public-house.

Mr. Alfred Moscarella.

Mr. Angelo Mascheroni.

Mr. George St. Clair.



Miss Mollie Wynter.

Miss Bertini Humphrys.

MR. ANGELO MASCHERONI'S QUINTETTE, WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE VICTORIA HALL OF THE CRITERION TO-MORROW

Virchow. I am sorry to have to state (adds my Berlin Correspondent) that Professor Virchow is not progressing so satisfactorily as had been hoped. The Professor is very advanced in age and finds the prolonged confinement to his couch very trying.

A Baby Belle at the Waterloo Ball!

The venerable nonagenarian, Lady Sophia Cecil, whose death places so many well-known people in mourning, was one of the daughters of the Duchess of Richmond who gave at Brussels the historic ball on the eve of Waterloo. Lady Sophia was a child at the time, but she obtained leave from her mother, whose special pet she was, to survey the brilliant scene, and she was able, up to the last, to give a far more vivid account of all that then took place than could others who had been there. Lady Sophia was much esteemed by the late Sovereign, who enjoyed nothing better than a good talk with this notable old lady.

Signor Filippo Marchetti, who died on the 18th inst. at Rome, will be chiefly remembered by his opera "Ruy Blas," originally produced at La Scala in 1869, and at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1878. Signor Marchetti wrote several other operas, but they did not make a strong impression. "Ruy Blas" (the libretto founded on Victor Hugo's famous play) had considerable dramatic force. It is still performed in Italy and occasionally in Germany. Marchetti also composed some church-music, which is excellent in style. At the time of his death the composer was Director of the St. Cecilia Academy at Rome.

Verdi's Noble Legacy to Italy.

The Asylum for Decayed Musicians, generously founded by Verdi at Milan, is rapidly approaching completion. The crypt, where the remains of the composer will rest, is being decorated with rich mosaics. The effect of the entire building will be very fine. Verdi, in spending thousands to carry out his noble scheme, allowed musicians of every country to enjoy its advantages.

The Carriage-Builders.

The Twentieth Annual General Meeting of the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers (Incorporated) was held at the Westminster-Palace Hotel on the 21st inst. Mr. H. Thorpe, of Tunbridge Wells, was unanimously elected to succeed Mr. Alexander Naught, J.P., of Dingwall, N.B., whose genial Presidency was pronounced a great success at Bristol last autumn. The members, from all parts of the United Kingdom, held their Annual Dinner in the evening at the Trocadero Restaurant, when the new President was supported by the Master of the Coachmakers' Company (Mr. Albert Chancellor), Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. Naught (the retiring President), Mr. Percy Preston (Warden of the Carpenters' Company), and other distinguished members of this scientific brotherhood.

The Mascheroni Quintette.

Mr. Angelo Mascheroni's Quintette will appear for the first time at the Victoria Hall of the Criterion to-morrow (Thursday) evening in a programme which is different from that usually given at concerts, inasmuch as it is varied, comprising, as it does, not only vocal and pianoforte music, but whistling and guitar-playing. Mr. Mascheroni is well known in musical circles as the composer of "For All Eternity," as an excellent pianist, and as a conductor, having officiated with Adelina Patti in the latter capacity for several seasons. Miss Bertini Humphrys has won fame throughout America for her singing in Grand Opera.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's Cantata, "The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé," was performed at the Albert Hall on the 23rd, for the first time in London, by the Royal Choral Society, naturally in grand style. Since it was produced at the Leeds Festival, the composer has made some important changes in the score. The music of Paul, the Blind Girl's brother, has been transposed for a boy's voice instead of a baritone. A new solo for the cripple, Jane, was substituted for the choral passages employed at Leeds. Most of these alterations were suggested by Sir Frederick Bridge, the Conductor of the Royal Choral Society. Madame Albani's reappearance added to the importance of this feast of music at the Albert Hall.



THE LATE LADY SOPHIA CECIL,
WHO WITNESSED THE FAMOUS BALL AT BRUSSELS ON
THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Quest for an Entente Cordiale. It would have been unpleasant hearing to the "gutter press" of the Boulevards (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) to have listened to the speeches delivered at the banquet offered to Mr. Farman, of the *Standard*, on his promotion to the Knighthood of the Legion of Honour. De Blowitz was in the chair, and his attitude removed from



THE MISSES MADGE AND MAUDE ROSEL, WHO HAVE BEEN PLAYING IN "HIDENSEEK," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

my mind more than one illusion. When Henri des Houx, who in appearance resembles a prosperous country farmer, arrived, they cordially shook hands, and then de Blowitz pulled out his eye-glass and regarded him as though he were looking for something very small that he had lost. And so, throughout, it was the same with the Thunderer of the "Thunderer"—a perpetual smile, a gay retort for every sally, and, as a speech-maker, *facile princeps*. But the predominant tone from the representatives of the Press of the world was the struggle that the honest French and British Press had always made to hold back the snarling crowds in the two countries. In the calm of a perfectly harmonious Press gathering, more than one reminiscence was given of the endeavours of the English Correspondent and the Parisian Editor to pour oil on troubled waters. It was alike a great event in honouring a splendid journalist and in solidifying the links that bind the serious-minded papers of the world.

Sarah's Son as Dramatist.

Maurice Bernhardt is far from being content with the criticism of the Press on his "Nini l'Assommeur." He protests that after the Press rehearsal he obliterated one death. That is, after all, some consolation, for, as I saw the piece at the Porte-St.-Martin, I took it for granted that it would die of inanition for the want of actors and actresses after the second Act. It is extraordinary that Maurice Bernhardt could have put on so silly a piece, for he cannot suggest that a knowledge of stage-mounting has not been part of his education.

The End of It. It seems probable that the Comédie-Française dispute will be quickly finished. The Sociétaires distinctly met their master when they went down to see Leygues, the Minister of Fine Arts. As I am told, he simply said, "You seem to forget that it is not *your house*, but is the property of the public, who subvention you and pay the rent. One fine day you may find that the Government and the public will be tired of your disputes and the whole place will be reorganised." The further decision that all resignations would be regarded as definite, and no chance given, as before, at the end of six months to reconsider their position, also had a decidedly cooling effect.

A New Pet. A man took a little flat, and among other articles of furniture was a kitten and a blasphemous raven. The concierge pointed out that the terms of his lease forbade any bird or dangerous animal. As the man loved his raven with the love of Barnaby Rudge, he swore vengeance. In a few days, not a man or woman within a four-mile radius could sleep, on account of the most unearthly noises coming from his apartment. He denied, as was suggested, housing a German band, and finally the police had to be called in. It was then found that by night he had taken in a calf, and he says that he will fight the landlord in the Courts as long as he lives, and call upon him to prove that the calf has ever been regarded as a dangerous animal. Trust Paris to find its joke!

Bomb in the Horizon.

When it was announced that the great chroniqueur-writer, Aurélien Scholl, had left Paris in order to write his memoirs, there was a rustle in the dove-cots. Certainly he had only gone to Passy, which is in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne; but Scholl regards anything away from the boulevards as being foreign land. He frankly says that he is going to say what he has seen and what he knows, and, as he is assured that his book will simply raise Cain, he has decided to have it printed in Belgium. I wonder how many people know that the great gossip-writer of the last forty years was married to Miss Perkins, of the great brewery-house.

Zola's "La Terre." Antoine has never made a more grievous error than in attempting to put Zola's "La Terre" on the stage. Like all his works, Zola appeals to no one in "La Terre" that has not studied the actual phase of existence that he describes. The adapters took the most sordid side—the pitiless greed of the peasantry, even when their own flesh-and-blood is concerned. The mounting was inferior. Three hens and a cow wandering about aimlessly is not a farmyard, and the attempt to portray a village fair was a long way behind the *Ambigu*. Just as in the case of Daudet's "La Petite Paroisse," Antoine took everything on his shoulders.

The Starting-Gate. Although the starting on French courses is marvellously quickly done, it has been decided to experiment this season with the starting-gate in two-year-old races.

Mrs. Anna Conover's Good Work.

The splendid work that Mrs. Anna Conover did last year in the cause of ill-treated horses is bearing fruit. Mdlle. Chaussegros has just left in her will £100,000 to the French branch of the "R.S.P.C.A." Hats off to Mrs. Conover!



MR. EDMUND PAYNE AS SAMMY GIGG AND MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON AS DOÑA TERESA IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE COURTESIES OF LIFE—THEN AND NOW.

GRADUALLY, very gradually, my dear Dollie, we are killing the old-fashioned idea that our parents—I speak generally, of course—were better than we are and that our grand-parents were the dearest, sweetest people that ever walked this unworthy earth. Shakspere, as you learnt at school and Her Majesty's Theatre, made Antony say, "The evil that men do lives after them." But Shakspere knew as well as Antony did that the statement was a lie: a fine-sounding lie, but still—inaccurate. The good that men do lives after them; the evil is carefully tucked into their coffins by remorseful children and business-like biographers.

However, one stubborn old misconception with regard to our ancestors still awaits burial, and that has to do with no less important a characteristic than their reputed courtesy of bearing. On the stage, the elaborately costumed and be-wigged mummer must ever be bowing low and paying high-flown compliments; in cloak-and-sword story-books, the hero is never really happy unless he be playing the amateur postilion for a lady in distress or bluffing a bully in the bar-parlour of a wayside inn who has dared to impeach the honour and virtue of the latest fair arrival. During the last ten or fifteen years, quite decent-sized fortunes have been made out of this line of goods. There were half-a-dozen authors—men whose grandiloquent names were borne far and wide on the covers of sixpenny magazines—who could, at two days' notice, caracole you, snort you, shoot you, whip you, court you, plot you, save you, for all the world as naturally as though they had lived like fighting-cocks

and sworn like swash-bucklers in the days of George the Third or any other King in the "Child's History of England." One can see them at it—striding to and fro in their stereotyped, be-photographed dens and nervously dictating full-blooded oaths and racy love-adventures to a cold-nosed, little typewriting-girl in a despondent mood and a hem-tattered dress.



It was a good line while it lasted, my dear Dollie. If I had been born ten years earlier, I might have struck it myself. As it is, I recognise the fact that the days of the cloak-and-sword romance, at four shillings and sixpence nett, or six shillings if you didn't know any better, are over. In place of it, we are beginning to get, here and

there, pictures of the real thing, and from these faithful portraits we learn that our ancestors, so far from being chivalrous and dainty-mannered gentlemen, were, in reality, cross-grained curmudgeons whose behaviour would not be tolerated in a West-End London Club even if they had made a million of money in tar or tin-tacks.

If you doubt me, just bring to life, in your imagination, one of these three-bottle roysterers and put him down in the Piccadilly of to-day. I suppose the first thing he would do would be to push his way towards the nearest hostelry—"Jimmy's," for example—and bellow in stentorian tones: "Hi, you braided rascal, fetch me a pot of your best ale; and, harkee! be quick about it, lest I crack thy shallow pate for thee!" One can imagine the righteous indignation with which such a demand would be met by the stately, soft-living janitor of that respected establishment.

Or, perhaps, recognising that he had made some slight error, the booted-and-spurred one would push past the aggrieved porter and make his way to the bar. Here, stumbling across some half-dozen

gilded youths busily engaged in exchanging witless personalities with the ornate bar-maidens, he would make his presence known in some such terms as these: "Out of my way, ye spatted loons! The world, methinks, is all awry to-day, since lackeys joll at their ease and gentlemen are forced to wait upon the pleasure of beardless boys. 'Od's fish! I'd as lief go seek for brains in a bucket as in your shallow-fronted pates. Out of my way, I say!"

You see, Dollie dear, your ancestors had not an ingratiating way of introducing themselves. There was none of your raised hat and "How-do-you-do, sir," about them. They loved to beat a man before they heard his name, to

lay his eye upon his cheek before they looked at his face, to ride him down without waiting for the formality of an exchange of cards.

Again, our forefathers, for all that they look down at us so benignly from their heavy-framed portraits, must have been devilish unpleasant fellows (pardon me; it is so easy to get under the coarsening influence of heredity) over the card-table. Take our friend from Piccadilly, for example, and seat him in company with four or five gentlemen of to-day who are playing a quiet game of poker in the Club. I don't know how old the game of poker is, but, supposing that he knew it, he would probably be highly scornful on finding that the "rise" was limited to half-a-crown. He would point out, blusteringly, that, in his day, men were accustomed to stake their horses and their wives and their castles and their broad lands upon a single throw of the dice. Having got off this piece of swagger, he would probably settle down to the game and laboriously reckon his gains and his losses by counting upon his fingers. Presently, however, the benevolent old gentleman next to him might, perhaps, bring off a mild bluff, upon which your ill-mannered ancestor would certainly rise in his place, tweak the winner by the nose, and address him as a surly knave and a snivelling trickster. Sweet terms, indeed, in which to address a retired colonel of the British Army or a spectacled dignitary of the English Church!

No, Dollie dear. Our manners may not be perfect, but we are, at least, beginning to learn that a gentleman should be gentle. It depends, in a great measure, upon your own delightful sex as to whether we improve still further. So long as our women continue to exact respect, so long will that respect be forthcoming. But let them do away with the social barrier that distinguishes brother from sister, and I am afraid they will not find fraternal relations so happy. Fraternal relations seldom are.



4
Chicot



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS EUGENE ARAM IN "AFTER ALL," AT THE AVENUE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The Test-Matches—Cricket Telegrams and How to Expand Them—“Breakfast Scores!”—Cricket Under Fire—Cricket with Intent to Commit a Felony—Fl-nn-ll-d F—ls.

IT is unnecessary to be foolish before the event and foretell the result of the test-matches, or offer advice to MacLaren—who, after all, is on the spot, even if he understands less of the game than we do. He has disclosed to a reporter that any success of his team has been due to its good bowling and fielding and want of greater scoring-power on the part of the Australians, and this—though hardly worth telegraphing over at considerable expense—is obviously sound. What we *do* know is that one of the two sides will win, and that cannot be said of every cricket-match in England. It is a war of extermination, and time is unlimited. In Australia, defeat cannot be averted by elaborate changings of bats and pads or long procrastinatory conversations between the batsmen.

Considerable strain is put upon the evening paper of the period in expanding the meagre telegrams from the Antipodes into the full

a paper quite correctly stated that “the team left by an express-train to-morrow morning.” When these rapid mono-rail locomotives are perfected, we shall be able to travel between two countries in considerably less than no time.

In Australian cricket of the last generation there was a charming freedom from stiffness and affectation no longer visible in the test-matches. A well-known captain in Queensland—a man of uncertain temper, and a noted shot—used always to go to the wickets armed with a revolver, and, in consequence of this amusing idiosyncrasy, the opposite side often found themselves a man or two short at the close of the game. There is a story of a nervous umpire giving him out and then “clearing” for the bush in terror, and ominous entries occur in the past score-sheets of local Clubs, such as “The late J. Brown, absent, dead, o.” Another entry was “Match unfinished owing to the arrival of the police,” both teams having yielded to a possibly justified panic and galloped for open country. Shot-guns were said to have been freely levelled on the umpires all through a match from the spectators’ benches.

A word here on the question of flannelled f—. No, I shall not repeat the phrase, for I have signed a pledge to abstain from the use of



Pekoe (Miss Ruth Lytton).

The Princess (Miss Lily Landon). Aladdin (Miss Georgie Martin).

THREE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE BRILLIANT “ALADDIN,” AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

column demanded by the reader. “Hayward 1.b.w., b. Noble, 2,” when decoded in London, becomes “Noble had till now trundled without capturing a wicket, for the ground was fast and the smiting wary. ‘The swerver’s’ luck changed with the appearance of Hayward, who seemed off-colour and got in front of a corky one before he had scored three. He had not had time to get his eye in, &c., &c.” By a similar policy of expansion and exercise of journalistic second-sight, “Hill c. MacLaren, b. Braund, 79,” is interpreted, “Clem Hill was in splendid fettle and was rapidly approaching 80 when dismissed by a catch brilliantly intercepted by the English captain. The young South Australian had adopted stone-wall tactics, and was beginning to wear out the bowling. I know the Oval well; it is extremely hard.” Here follows half a column from the guide-book.

These deductions, worthy of Sherlock Holmes in their acuteness, can be made at all the greater leisure owing to the ten hours’ difference in time. “The pitching of the stumps, which will occur in some hours from the moment of writing, took place in the other hemisphere before most of us left our beds this morning,” was the accurate observation of one writer, like that of the M.P. who last Session began a speech with, “Speaking at this late hour of the night, or rather, at this early hour of the following day.” During the last tour,

it in any form, and to use my influence to induce those addicted to it to give up the habit once and for all. But the amount of cricket manufactured per head of population in Australia is immensely greater than in England. If anywhere, one might look at the Adelaide Oval and exclaim, “It was here that Magersfontein was lost!” A Member once sat in the New South Wales House of Representatives solely on the strength of his cricket reputation, and was defeated at the elections the moment his local Club began to decline.

The cricketing Members of the new Federal Parliament lately applied to the Melbourne Cricket Club for a pitch for practice when the House is not sitting; and its refusal led to serious political differences. Ninety-five per cent. of Australians follow the test-matches with breathless interest. The working-man seizes the opportunity to add another to the numerous semi-official public holidays already existing. The clerk declares his innings closed at the office without hesitation, as a mark of respect to the day. Yet, in spite of this degrading love of cricket, the Colonial enlists. He is largely engaged in pastoral pursuits which give him little prospect of making a fortune; Volunteering pays him almost as well and affords the chance of a better “billet.” And then, there are his patriotism and love of adventure—which are immense.

HILL ROWAN.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE Italians are always extraordinarily grateful to those of their own country who make the name of Italy glorious, either at home or abroad, whether it is through art, science, literature, or any other channel. So it was to be expected that they would fête their great actress, Adelaide Ristori, on her eightieth birthday, which takes place to-day, she who not only made the name of Italy ring through the world with her marvellous acting, but so ably conducted negotiations and pleaded the cause of Italian Independence in both St. Petersburg and Paris as to call forth the gratitude of her friend, Count Cavour, and the admiration of her great compatriot, Garibaldi.

One day, happening to pass through a small street in the older part of Rome, I saw standing at an open door a little old lady, and something in her air of distinction and in the deference with which the servant attended her attracted my attention, and I asked who she was. The little shoe-black to whom I addressed myself looked at me pityingly, and said, "Why, Adelaide Ristori, of course!" After that I made her acquaintance, and spent many interesting hours in her company, together with her beautiful daughter, Donna Bianca, and her distinguished son, Marquis Giorgio Capranica del Grillo, Gentleman-in-Waiting to Queen Margherita.

She is now somewhat bent, but active and very much alive. Something of the tragic air has gone, to be replaced by a look of benevolence and tenderness. A simple gentlewoman of distinguished manners is what she appears at present until interested in some of her memories, when her eyes gleam, her expression brightens, and one then easily recognises the beautiful tragedian of fifty years ago. To-day, when I saw her, she was dressed in silvery-grey, with widow's cap, while through her black lace mits gleamed several fine diamonds on hands which still express so much.

"Reminiscences," she began. "I wonder what would interest you and England, as I have remembrances of every civilised country in the world?"

I come, as you know, of a theatrical family on my father's side. My mother was never upon the stage, but, for all that, delighted immensely in what was kindly called my talent and triumphs. My first visit to England was in the season of 1856-57, and after that I returned many times. On the occasion of my first appearance in London, I had never attempted Shakspere, to the surprise of my friends there, and all seemed to think my person and method adapted for the part of Lady Macbeth. After much hesitation, I consented to a translation and adaptation—although it seemed sacrilege—which was an instant success, but which I have reason to remember, as it caused the weakness of the eyes from which I have suffered, more or less, ever since. That was the first step, then; a few years later came the proposition to speak the real words of Shakspere, which at first seemed to me impossible, as I knew little of the language; but the seed, once planted, soon sprouted and grew, and it was only a few weeks after that I really did appear in the English 'Macbeth,' and received an ovation which I will never forget to my dying day."

The Marchioness Capranica del Grillo is very modest over her career, but what her genius was may be gauged by the fact that even the invincible Rachel trembled for her supremacy and

condescended to be jealous of her, perhaps the greatest tribute which she ever received.

Madame Ristori, diffident of her own powers, went to Paris with the idea of putting herself under the protection of her "great sister in art," but Rachel was out of town. One night, as she was playing "Mirra," a veiled lady entered a box, accompanied by a very great personage. The lady listened intently for an Act or so, when she jumped impulsively to her feet, exclaiming, "Cette femme me fait mal; je n'en peux plus!" and left the theatre. It was Rachel.

So much was the Italian actress thought of in France that the proposition was seriously made to her by the Minister Fould, in the name of the Emperor, to stay in Paris a year at the Royal expense to study the language, and then to take the place left vacant by Rachel at the Comédie-Française, which, of course, meant to give up her performances elsewhere. Ristori at once refused, and remained firm in her decision, the idea of not appearing in her beloved Italy seeming an impossibility. She can boast of what few actresses even in this globe-trotting age are able to—that is, that she has acted in every

country in the world which owns a theatre, or, at least, which did so forty or fifty years ago. In all her journeys she was accompanied by her husband and children, so that they have many reminiscences in common, and were one of the most united families ever known until ten years ago, when Marquis Giuliano Capranica del Grillo died, by a sad and strange coincidence, on his wife's birthday, "so that ever since that date has been a sad and, at the same time, joyful day for us—the sadness outweighing the joy until this season, when we shall put our private griefs aside and rejoice in the honour done me."

This great actress, although of the school of the past, has never lost interest in the stage and has kept up with the times. Of her "younger sister," as she expressed it, Eleonora Duse, she says: "I admire her immensely. She has an individuality which resembles that of no other actress, and, with her mobility of feature, exercises a fascination which no one escapes and which concentrates the whole attention upon her. In love-scenes she assumes a languor of person and an enervation—but which she abuses a little

too much—which seem so natural that the secret of the enthusiasm she always arouses is easily explainable. This argues great original talent. It is a pity that her repertory is not somewhat more diverse, that one might judge better her versatility."

SALVATORE CORTESE.



MARCHIONESS CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO AT HER DESK.

ADELAIDE RISTORI, THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS, WHOM "THE SKETCH" FELICITATES ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY (JAN. 29).

Photograph by Salvatore Cortesi, Rome.

There is a saying that the Nile is Egypt and that Egypt is the Nile, so all that helps forward the welfare of the people there by means of irrigation and public works adds to the prosperity of the country. The Khedive was much pleased with the great Nile dam at Assouan, which is to store water for distribution by canals in the dry season. Sir John Aird, M.P., the contractor, and Sir Benjamin Baker have recently returned, much gratified, from their inspection of the works. Sir John returns with a tangible token of the goodwill of his Italian work-people in the shape of a beautiful album with views of the works, the signatures of the subscribers, who number nearly two thousand, being added. Sir John Aird expressed himself as much gratified with this token of the goodwill of the Italian workmen, to whom he has already paid some £270,000 in the shape of wages for what he calls their "earnest labour."

THE LILY-FARMS OF BERMUDA.

NOWHERE in the world, probably, can the lily be seen in such radiant glory as in Bermuda. Here the Easter Lily is cultivated to an extent hardly appreciated in this country. At the present time the islands boast of some forty lily-farms of more or less importance, to which may be added scores of smaller patches of land devoted to the growing of this beautiful Easter flower. And the story of the introduction of the lily to Bermuda is an interesting one.

Curiously enough, it was a tailor who gave the incentive to the industry. James Richardson—for that was the individual's name—lived in Hamilton, the principal town of the Bermudas, and, although he was adept with his thimble and thread, he was also regarded as an authority on floriculture. His garden was a local pride and his plants the envy of professional gardeners. But his relation to the Bermuda lily industry, an industry which has grown from nothing to from £15,000 to £20,000 a-year, can best be explained in the words of an old Bermudian lily-grower, who, when questioned on this point by the writer, replied, "Yes, Richardson is the man who did it. Just where he got his bulbs from nobody ever knew. At all events, the plant was never seen in Bermuda until the early 'sixties. We had a bazaar in Hamilton, and Richardson surprised us all by exhibiting several lily-plants in full bloom. So beautiful were they that they easily took first prize for flower displays."

"Naturally, Richardson was elated with his success and proud of the fact that no other gardener could exhibit such flowers. Many of us asked him for some of his bulbs, but he refused to part with them for love or money. Perhaps I ought not to admit it, but, failing to secure one in this manner, I watched my opportunity and stole one, which I planted in my garden. When next season came around, I discovered I was not the only sinner, for, sure enough, lilies bloomed in several gardens besides mine and Richardson's. Richardson protested, but I think this only increased the popularity of the flower, and a few seasons later everyone was growing lilies."

So much for the dissemination of the Easter Lily through Bermuda. Richardson is gone, and the origin of the bulbs he planted is as obscure as the origin of life. His secret died with him, but the prevalent theory is that they reached Bermuda from Japan, *via* London. It cannot be said, however, that Richardson ever dreamed of the commercial possibilities locked up in his bulbs. He introduced the flower to the islands, and, in his efforts to keep the plant to his own garden, awakened the curiosity of his neighbours, who were not satisfied until they also possessed choice specimens of the beautiful flower. None of the old Bermudians then looked upon the cultivation of the lily as a money-making enterprise. They merely grew them for pleasure and for exhibition at their local flower-shows. It was left to the late Mr. Harley Trott and General Russell Hastings to perceive and develop the industry. In the year 1880, Mr. Trott took an immense plant, potted in a huge cask, to New York, where he exhibited its extraordinary blooms at a fashionable hotel. In passing, it may be added that this gentleman once raised a lily with a hundred and forty-five perfect flowers on one stalk, the largest and finest specimen of the lily-plant ever grown in Bermuda.

The exhibition of the flower in New York awakened the interest as well as the cupidity of General Russell Hastings, of Ohio, who had spent several winters in the Bermudas. He believed that a good revenue could be made by raising the flower for the New York market. He started in a modest way, with a very small outlay of capital. Finding a ready sale for the product, he increased his acreage until the bulbs

he planted each season ran into hundreds of thousands. When he retired from business, ten years later, he is said to have netted £40,000 from his shrewdness and foresight.

The result of General Hastings' success was that lily-farms sprang up everywhere, and to-day there are at least forty large farms in the islands given over to the cultivation of the plant, besides many smaller ones. The Bermuda lily is grown entirely for the American market. Both the bloom and the bulb are shipped to New York. The bulbs greatly outnumber the blooms. The former are dug up in Bermuda in midsummer and shipped at once to America, where they arrive about July. They are then matured in America, and by forcing may be brought to bloom as early as Christmas. Here they gain a distinct advantage over their competitors, the Japanese bulbs—quite as many of which, by the way, are imported into the United States—as florists have not been able to make the latter bloom before Easter-time.

American florists, as a rule, prefer the bulbs, as there is always a risk of the blooms fading and dying before they arrive at their destination. At the same time, quite a large quantity of beautiful white blooms are shipped from the islands every year. They are despatched in especially made wooden boxes which hold the stems.

Each stalk is supposed to have four flowers. The farmer aims to get sixty-four lilies in each box. The standard price per box used to be eight shillings and sixpence, but competition has reduced it to seven shillings, while sometimes even that figure is not obtainable.

Some of the larger farms are twenty, thirty, and forty acres in extent. A picture on the opposite page shows part of a field of thirty acres of pure-white lilies belonging to Mr. Outerbridge, one of the chief lily-growers on the islands. His farm at Sunny Lands presents a magnificent spectacle in the spring, when the plants commence to bloom. The photograph showing the method of packing the blooms was taken at the farm of Mr. Samuel Walker.

On one of the islands there is a field of forty acres, which is regarded as among the sights of the Bermudas. Curiously enough, the whole farm of forty acres comes into sudden view on rounding a sharp corner in the road. In April the field is one mass of beautiful Easter Lilies all in bloom, stretching away to a distant wooded hillside whose dark background sets forth in sharp relief the thousands and thousands of tall, white,

graceful flowers that bend their pretty heads and sway gently to and fro in the soft, fragrant breeze.

The cultivation of the lily in Bermuda has its uncertainties and its losses as well as its profits. Too much rain or too little, and your labour and bulbs are lost. A few seasons ago, for instance, a farmer realised fifty pounds for his lilies, whereas the previous year the profits for a like quantity of bulbs and for the same amount of expenditure and care amounted to one thousand seven hundred pounds. The difference was explained by the continued rains, which caused the bulbs to rot. It is easy to start a lily-farm in these favoured isles of the Atlantic, nor is much capital required. For three pounds you can buy two thousand bulbs of a circumference of from three to five inches—"three-to-fives," as they are called. Planted in rows about ten inches apart, and four to five inches below the surface, they should, under favourable conditions, yield twenty pounds' worth of "seven-to-nine" bulbs, and enough smaller ones to supply you for another season. All the large growers employ black labour. Many of the blacks in the islands own lily-farms, though much smaller ones than those run by the white growers. A few years ago, the Bermuda lily-farmers were considerably alarmed, as their lilies seemed to be losing their vitality. Japanese bulbs were imported, but they did not become acclimatised. Fortunately, however, the Bermuda lily has regained its vigour and seems sure of a long lease of life and usefulness.



NEW BUNCH OF EASTER LILIES RECENTLY RAISED IN BERMUDA.

Photograph by H. J. Shepstone, Clapham Common.

THE LILY-FARMS OF BERMUDA.



PART OF A FIELD OF THIRTY ACRES OF BERMUDA LILIES



PACKING THE BLOOMS FOR SHIPMENT TO NEW YORK.

Photographs by H. J. Shepstone, Clapham Common.

SCENES FROM "THE TWIN SISTER,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.



GIUDITTA (MISS LILY BRAYTON) IMPERSONATES HER TWIN SISTER AND THUS REGAINS THE LOVE OF HER OWN HUSBAND (MR. H. B. IRVING).



Giuditta (Miss Lily Brayton). Orlando (Mr. H. B. Irving).

GIUDITTA, HEARING OF HER SISTER'S APPROACH, FEARS THAT HER TRICK WILL BE DISCOVERED.
Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS GIUDITTA IN "THE TWIN SISTER,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

A PAGE ABOUT BOOKS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE biography of William Black by Sir Wemyss Reid promises to be a very entertaining book. It turns out that a mass of Black's correspondence has been preserved. I hope Sir Wemyss Reid will tell us something of Black's career as an editor. He was for some time in charge of the *Examiner*, and he also took up the *London Review*, which was started by the late Dr. Charles Mackay. There never was a more gracious and kindly editor than William Black. His courtesy to young authors was beyond praise.

Mr. Meehan, of Bath, deserves much credit for his valuable work on Famous Houses of Bath. It is very handsomely got up and full of accurate and interesting information. Such names as those of Shelley, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, Jane Austen, Gainsborough, and Beau Nash are to be found in turning over the pages. Mr. Meehan has been in time to rescue the vanishing lore, and his book is one of permanent worth.

An unusually large number of Publishing Companies have been wound up of late. They include the *Anglican Church Magazine* Company, the *Cornish Magazine* Company, the Feathers Publishing Company, the Freeman, Horton's Stirring Stories, Journalist Printing and Publishing Company, the King's Own Publishing Company, the Manchester *Herald* Publishing Company, the Newcastle *Evening News* Company, the Pictorial Press, and many others. All these Companies appear to have been limited.

Pearson's Magazine has not changed hands. There are two *Pearson's Magazines*, one edited in London and one in New York. The English Company have sold part of their interest in a separate American issue, but the magazine as published so successfully in this country is still the property of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.

Mr. Edmund Gosse urges that the New British Academy should contain literary historians; but, so far, he has obtained very little support. If literary historians are to be included, the Academy ought to be an Academy of Letters after the French model—that is, critics, poets, and novelists should be included. It is impossible to distinguish between critics and literary historians, and it ought to be impossible to draw a sharp distinction between critics and creative writers. In France it would be taken as an axiom that criticism is creative literature. Even now the traditions of Sainte-Beuve are maintained in that country. The column which Sainte-Beuve contributed to the *Constitutionnel* has been followed by writers like Anatole France and Jules Lemaître, by Brunetière and Doumic, by Gaston Paris and Gaston Boissier. Their view is that book-reviewing and literature may still be as nearly one as they were when Sainte-Beuve was writing his "Causeries de Lundi."

A good judge has said that there is in France ten times as much readable reviewing as there is in England or America, while the skilled reviewer attains a popularity and prestige the like of which can be instanced in England only in the palmy days of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly*. This may be the gain of the reader, but a great host of neglected authors complain that the dozen great critics who hold the fates of books in their hands ignore them. No attempt is made in France to keep up with the publishers' product, and, as the publishers advertise very parsimoniously, many books in France are still-born.

Anyone who considers will see that personal problems of the most delicate kind would at once present themselves if an attempt were made to discriminate between literary historians. As for novelists, I will mention the names of Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli, and ask the reader to think of what would happen if these two were included or excluded. In poetry the difficulties would be equally acute. Would Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, find a place among the poets of an Academy? If so, what would follow? The fact is that, while we have any number of clever writers, we have so few that stand head and shoulders above the rest that the constitution of a Literary Academy would provoke jealousy of the bitterest kind, jealousy which would have a great deal to say for itself.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has practically completed his new story. It is considerably shorter than the two which have preceded it, "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel." It will be published serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, but the time of publication is not yet definitely fixed.

The "English Dialect Dictionary" is to be completed in six volumes, the last of which will appear in 1905. Four volumes are already printed. The dictionary when completed will contain about five thousand words.

o. o.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

THE steady decline in the output of new books which has been in operation during the past five years shows, from the returns just issued, a still further falling-off in the works published during 1901. The figures for 1900 showed a decline of over five hundred compared with the previous year, but, for the past year, 1901, the falling-off has been over eight hundred; the exact figures of the number of new works issued during 1900 are 5760, and for 1901, 4955.

For this decline several reasons may be assigned, the principal one being the continuance of the War in South Africa. This, with the national mourning for Her late Majesty the Queen, has deterred publishers from speculating in the production of large and expensive works.

The greatest falling-off has been in books upon the War and in history and biography.

In fiction there has been only a slight decrease, as during the months of November and December 497 new volumes were published, thus emphasising a statement frequently made, that during a time of extreme tension readers fall back upon works of imagination.

It is to be regretted that in this country so few of our master-pieces in fiction have been issued in an illustrated or sumptuously produced form. In one particular this complaint has been removed by the issue of "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade (Chatto and Windus). The publishers are to be congratulated upon the issue of this work—one of the best novels in the English language—in a form worthy of the book. It is enriched with sixteen photogravures and eighty-four other illustrations by M. B. Hewardine.

So much interest is now centred in China that "The Land of the Blue Gown," by Mrs. Archibald Little (T. Fisher Unwin) is published at an opportune time. The book is an attempt to picture in outline the condition of affairs in China before the uprising of 1900, to portray the people in their many mediæval usages, and to bear testimony to the self-sacrificing and sympathetic kindness shown by all classes of the community. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the numerous photographic illustrations; it should be read and studied by all interested in this wonderful but mysterious country. In these days of Imperialism and expansion, "Britain and the British Seas," by H. J. Mackinder (W. Heinemann), should form an interesting study. This series of volumes on the Regions of the World, of which the above is the first, is intended to present a picture of the physical features and conditions in all countries and to trace their influence upon human societies. Mr. Mackinder's volume treats of the climatic conditions, the physical history, and the racial and historic geography of Great Britain. Although of a scientific character, the book is well suited to the general reader, who will find it full of carefully thought-out information written in a fascinating manner and free from unnecessary technicalities.

In fiction, "The Mating of a Dove," by Mary E. Mann (T. Fisher Unwin), will be found one of the most readable books of the month. The title of the book is not a satisfactory one, as it gives the impression that it is intended to convey a double meaning; instead, it is an exquisite character-sketch of Amy Dove, a winsome, light-hearted, guileless, and lovable girl, who gives her hand to a doctor but her heart to a chivalrous young carpenter. The book is written with strength and sincerity; it is certain to be widely read, and will greatly add to Mrs. Mann's popularity as a writer of good fiction.

"A Matter of Sentiment," by John Strange Winter (F. V. White and Co.), is one of those pleasant, readable stories of which this author has written so many. It is impossible to be dull with a story by John Strange Winter in one's hands, and her latest effort is quite worthy of her reputation. The book opens with the adventures of two young men in California, and love, disappointment, and marriage make up a most enjoyable story.

"Judah Pyecroft, Puritan," by Harry Lindsay (Chatto and Windus), is a romance of the Restoration, and recounts how one Master Purchase, a clergyman, was persecuted for refusing to conform to all the teachings of the Prayer-Book, and eventually died in prison. Although Church and King loom largely in the volume, yet there are love-episodes that greatly add to the charm of the book, which is as sound as it is fascinating. "The Yellow Fiend," by Mrs. Alexander (T. Fisher Unwin), has all the lightness of touch and movement which are so characteristic of all Mrs. Alexander's books. The Yellow Fiend is gold; its influence is thus described: "Gold is magnetic; it comes to those who already hold enough to create attraction. Once it begins to slip from you, every day adds to the negative force, and it flies from you—flies, flies, flies!—till you are in the workhouse or die in the nearest ditch." When once commenced, the book will hold the reader's attention to the end.

STAGE BEAUTIES OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



MISS AGNES FRASER, PLAYING CELIA IN "IOLANTHE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

STAGE BEAUTIES OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



MRS. LANGTRY, PLAYING MDLLE. MARS AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

STAGE BEAUTIES OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



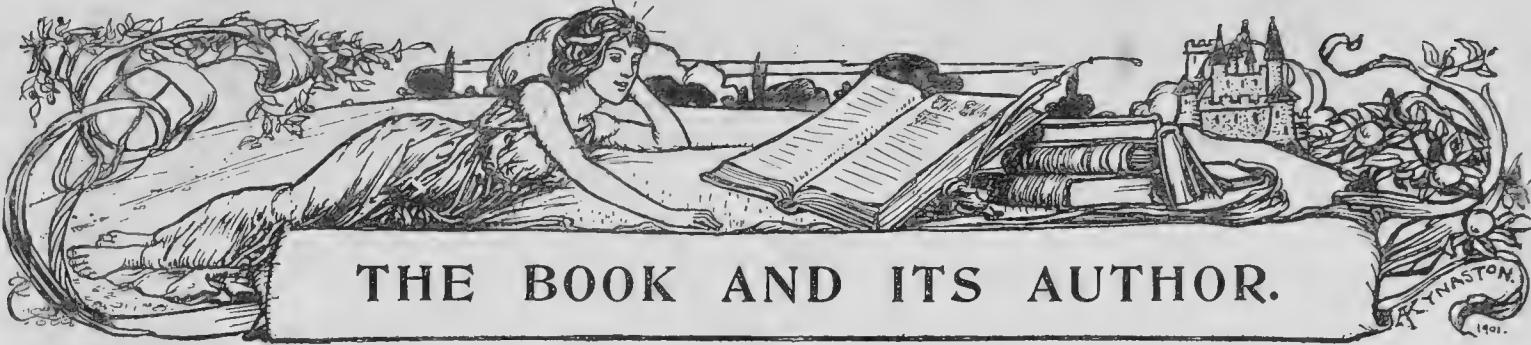
MISS HETTIE HAMER AS THE QUEEN OF "OLD CHINA," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

STAGE BEAUTIES OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



MISS B. PALLISER, UNDERSTUDY TO MISS ADA REEVE AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



"THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN."

THE names of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Little, in connection with China, are well known to all who take any interest in affairs in the Far East. Both Mr. and Mrs. Little have written several books on China and the Chinese, and there are certainly very few people who are better entitled to write with authority on these subjects.

For they are both well acquainted with large portions of that singular country and its strange, difficult, but ever-interesting inhabitants. A few years ago, Mrs. Little published a volume, entitled "Intimate China," in which she tried, to quote her own words in the Prologue to the book presently to be noticed, to portray the Chinese people as far as possible apart from foreigners. In her new book, to which she has given the picturesque if not altogether illuminating (except to the initiate) name, "The Land of the Blue Gown" (Fisher Unwin), she has sought to picture the condition of things in the "Flowery Land" prior to the uprising of 1900—"that Annus Funestus," as she terms it—and this more especially in relation to us foreigners in China."

Mrs. Archibald Little is a writer of very considerable experience; she has also made her appearance a good many times in public as a lecturer. She has published about a dozen works—half of them, or more, being novels, and it must be admitted that, as a rule, her books are not lacking in interest. But she has a higher claim to fame in the fact that she is a sincere philanthropist. She has done a great deal of good work as the Secretary of the Tien Tsu Hui, or Anti-Foot-binding Society of China, or, to give it the style Mrs. Little does in Chapter XIX. of "The Land of the Blue Gown," the "Natural Feet Society." As spokeswoman of this Association, Mrs. Little tells us, in the chapter just referred to, she made a tour through the



MRS. LITTLE MOUNTAINEERING.

SNAPSHOT BY MR. LITTLE

Reproduced from "The Land of the Blue Gown." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

southern part of China, and addressed great gatherings of Chinese at such populous cities as Hankow, Wuchang, and Canton on the subject of "foot-binding, one of China's oldest, most deep-rooted, domestic customs," and, of course, in opposition thereunto. This tour, it seems to me, called for no ordinary courage; but Mrs. Little was equal to the demand made upon her.

Mrs. Little's courage and earnestness appear to have met with the success they deserved. Everywhere this intrepid crusader against foot-binding was well received; she even enlisted on her side such great personages as the Viceroys Chang Chih Tung and the late Li Hung Chang, of whom, indeed, Mrs. Little says nothing that is not favourable. And this reference to the late Li Hung Chang leads me to remark that "The Land of the Blue Gown" does not deal with the China of to-day actually, but with China as it was before the siege of the Legations and all that took place afterwards. Not that in the meantime there can have been much real change in China.

The book opens with a description of Peking, which Mrs. Little thought the most wonderful place she had ever visited. "Wearied of London," she says, "and perhaps somewhat overladen with the cant of the day, aesthetic, hygienic, and social-economic, I can imagine nothing more tonic for the sufferer than a sojourn in Peking, as it was." And yet Peking in those days was nothing more than a City of Dirt and Dust and Decay—"at first sight, everything seemed so overpoweringly repulsive, so beyond all exaggeration disgusting, that one would have thought that its present state would rather serve as a horrible example." The tonic effect of Peking apparently, therefore, lay in making people—dissatisfied with London, but who had an opportunity of contrasting it with the Chinese Capital—only too glad to flee from the latter and get back as speedily as possible to the former.

From Peking Mrs. Little takes us to Taku, to Chefoo, and then, to Shanghai. Of the last-named city she gossips very pleasantly through a couple of chapters. Here is her description of the Bund of Shanghai—

A little company in rickshas, we careered along the Bund, always a most animated scene with its very motley crowd of long-pigtailed, short velvet-coated, blue-gowned Chinamen; Sikh policemen of magnificent proportions, grimly bronzed faces and turbans of startling scarlet, as also of startling height, and mingled amongst them coolies crooning, "Eh—ah! Eh—ah!" as they carried packages suspended from bamboos; Parsees, with their curious, high, cylindrical hats, Jews of many nationalities but one type, Portuguese, French, English, &c., &c.; a few bluejackets encouraging their ricksha-men, as if they were donkeys, by good-naturedly ineffectual blows; one or two bound-foot Chinese women looking on amused, and a wedding procession, mostly scarlet, threading its way deftly in and out among the "Barbarians." Suddenly we caught sight of men carrying baskets full—but full to overflowing—of brilliant purple and green Muscovy ducks, all craning their necks to look about them, and flashing in the sunshine.

Then we are given glimpses of Ningpo, Wuhu, Ichang, Fengtu, and other towns in various parts of the country. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that devoted to "Life on a Farmstead; Fifteen Hundred Miles inside China." Mr. and Mrs. Little lived for three months as tenants of a Chinese farmer in a farmhouse not far from Chungking, and they had some curious experiences during their sojourn there, which Mrs. Little relates with much spirit. From life on a Chinese farm, Mrs. Little branches off into a consideration of the anti-foreign riots in Western China, and so raises the



A MONGOL WOMAN.

Reproduced from "The Land of the Blue Gown." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

whole question of the attitude of the Chinese towards foreigners. But this is too serious a matter to be gone into here. Mrs. Little's book is brightly written throughout, and is eminently readable—in parts, it is very amusing. It is illustrated with numerous excellent photographs.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL CARICATURES BY TOM BROWNE.

—TOM BROWNE—



No. IX.—SANDOW.



THIN PARTY: Well, I can't think wot 'e could see in she for 'e ter marry 'er.

STOUT PARTY: Ah! don't 'ee make no mistake; she can clean out a hog-pen as well as any man.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ARBITRATION.

BY CLO. GRAVES.



FOR months the White Poodle had known that something was wrong between the two people whom he severally acknowledged as his master and mistress and jointly as his property. He had been brought home to the House in the Square from a Regent Street dog-fancier's in a lark's cage, being then a puppy of tender age, and the scream of delight uttered by his mistress when he was extracted from this receptacle by the scruff of his neck and placed in her delightfully soft and comfortable lap by his master's hand lingered yet in his doggish memory. "Oh, the sweet!" she had exclaimed. "I could eat him!" Then endearments had followed, with cream and biscuits, and, later, washing and combing, which the White Poodle had never cared about.

Oh! the glorious days that he remembered! He had been accustomed to come into his owners' room with the letters in the morning. One would be petted, made much of, and invited to

do one's tricks. They were not very good tricks, because his mistress thought that artificial accomplishments spoiled a dog and broke his spirit. But he could sit up while she counted six if she hurried over the last three, and never failed to eat lumps of sugar that had been balanced on the end of his nose.

What races in the Park, too, after their bicycles! What drives with them in hansom-cabs, sitting between them with his tongue out and a knot of blue ribbon under his left ear! What rows on the river! What races in the Square Garden! What bones to gnaw on one's own mat just inside the dining-room door! What a life for a dog—in short, what an ideal dog's life it had been!

And then everything had changed! When had the change begun to come about? When the Second Man had come to call and stayed late—the man who had patted the White Poodle without sincerity and offered his mistress a miniature bulldog who had won a First Class at the Crystal Palace.

"Oh, you are so kind!" the White Poodle's mistress had said, with a wild-rose flush in her cheeks and sparkling eyes. "And I should adore it. But Lawrence might not care about him, and Ruff might be jealous."

Ruff had given a bark at hearing his own name. But Lawrence (Ruff's master) had not minded, so the tawny-coated, bandy-legged, wheezing thing they had made such a fuss about had been introduced. Yarr! The White Poodle could never remember that miniature bulldog without snarling in disgust. Then he usually lifted one side of his black upper-lip and showed a sharp white tooth—one of the teeth that had made such short work of the miniature bulldog who had won the Prize. The bulldog had been taken away, but the Second Man, the man who had brought him to the House in the Square, kept on coming, though the White Poodle disapproved of him so much. It was this Second Man who had brought about the breach between the two people he loved best upon earth. How he knew this the White Poodle could not imagine, but he was certain of it as a dog could be.

And then had come that bother about the Diamond Star—a thing very hard, cold, and prickly, that shone like an electric-light. The White Poodle's mistress had worn it upon a certain cold October evening.

"Where did you get that?" the White Poodle's master had asked, in a stern, cold voice that made the Poodle tuck his beautiful tasseled tail between his legs and press against his mistress's gown. And she had answered, "It was given to me," in a contemptuous, indifferent tone that brought an ugly look into her husband's eyes as he said, "By Colonel Dane, I suppose?"

"Suppose what you please!" the White Poodle's mistress had answered. And the little laugh that accompanied the words was not like her real laugh in the least.

"I do not suppose. I suspect—and with reason," said the White Poodle's master, breathing, it occurred to the White Poodle, as though a bone had stuck in his throat. "I was in Corr and Dortimer's this morning, paying a bill for the re-setting of your sapphires"—and he laughed harshly. "I heard the clerk ask the foreman if the diamond

star ordered by Colonel Dane had been sent to Bryanstone Square? And the man said "Sh!" and glanced at me. And I know where you got those stones—and now you will take Colonel Dane's present off and hand it to me!"

"What will you do with it?" the White Poodle's mistress had asked; and his master had answered—

"Return it to your friend with suitable acknowledgments from his friend's husband!"

She had grown very pale; the White Poodle had never seen her so pale before, save once when she had swooned. Then she had said—

"Lawrence, before this goes too far—before you utter words which I can neither forget nor forgive—hear the only explanation I have to offer you. This diamond star was not given me by Colonel Dane!"

The answer came as a question.

"Was not a jewel of the same description sent to you by Dane? Don't hesitate, but answer!"

"Yes."

"Three days ago?"

"Three days ago."

"Where is it?"

She said, in a low, fluttered voice, "I sent it back to him."

The White Poodle's master was as white now as the White Poodle's mistress. He spoke very slowly, and the words cut like lashes from a whip.

"You sent it back to him—perhaps. But he sent it back again, and you are wearing it at this moment—to please him."

"Oh!" she said, and shrugged her shoulders as though she gave him up as hopelessly unreasonable. "If that is the view you take—!"

"That is the view I take!" the White Poodle's master had said, moving towards the sofa as the servant had opened the door. "I hope you understand me clearly."

"Dinner, m' lady," said the butler, and for once the White Poodle had not barked with joy.

"You must understand," his mistress had said, as she laid her white, jewelled hand upon his master's offered arm, "that we cannot continue to live together after this."

And the White Poodle heard his master say, in a strange, cold, quiet voice, "I perfectly understand. May I take you in to dinner?"

And, though they were very polite and talked quite pleasantly during the progress of that meal, neither of them had eaten anything, and the White Poodle came off without a single bone or biscuit. After that night his master was generally away at the Club and his mistress's lawyer called frequently to see her; and several members of her family visited her and several members of her husband's, and the first had called her a poor thing and said she had done perfectly right, and the second squeaked and held up their front paws in horror when she told them that she and the White Poodle's master were going to have a separation . . . The Poodle did not know what that meant, but he hoped it would not be another dog. It was some comfort to him that the Colonel who had given his mistress the brindled miniature bull did not come to call any more. Meanwhile, he found employment in barking at the strangers who kept dropping in to look over the house in the Square, which was to be let, furnished, as the owners were going abroad, he heard the footman say. Ruff rather liked going abroad, and knew quite well that, when a peaked cap with gold lace appeared at the carriage-window, he must not cough or sneeze, but lie quiet under the heap of shawls. He had seen little dead dogs and big dead dogs taken out of packing-cases with air-holes bored in them, and had no desire to be handed over to the tender mercies of the Railway Guard.

In the meantime, he was forgetting his accomplishments. He was never asked to sit up, to bark for the King, and sneeze for Kruger!—sugar was never balanced upon his nose, nor did he ever perform his crowning feat of fetching his master's smoking-coat or his mistress's quilted satin slippers. Often, when they had decided upon spending a quiet evening in the smoking-room, the White Poodle had fetched the slippers and coat. The process was not good for them, but it pleased his master and mistress and gratified the White Poodle.

Now came the chance, he thought, for a little of the old fun on this particular evening. Days before, his master's luggage—the imperials, Gladstone-bags, kit-bags, gun, rod, sword, and uniform cases, even the Soudanese spears and shields and other trophies, had been sent away. His mistress's dress-baskets, trunks, and bonnet-boxes made a mountain in the hall, with the cases containing her books. The fittings and furniture of her boudoir had gone, and, though the rest of

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GOOD NEWS FROM "THE FRONT."

the house was left untouched, it felt empty and smelt cold to the sensitive nose of the White Poodle. His back where the hair was closely shaved, felt damp. He had been sitting on his mistress's knee as she looked over a huge sheet of paper with stiff, queer writing on it, and seals. At the end were marks in ink made with a pen by the White Poodle's master, and some more which he recognised as having been perpetrated by the small, white hand that was pulling his ear. Then he heard a little sob—he had become used to hearing them lately, and knew the reason why his back was wet. She was crying.

"Oh, Ruff, Ruff! this is our last night at Home!" she said. "Oh, Ruff! I know you think I've made an awful mess of my life. Why aren't people as sensible as dogs? No; there's no use in cocking your ears: that wasn't your master's step you heard in the hall just now, though it sounded a little like it. You will never hear it again, Ruff, nor shall I?"

But Ruff knew better. He jumped down and barked and rushed to the door and scratched, snuffling and whining to be let out.

"You stupid thing!" his mistress said, with a little catch in her voice. She opened the door and Ruff raced madly after a figure that was moving down the hall in the direction of the smoking-room. He did not mind being called stupid. What he had wanted was his master, and now he had got him. He barked and leaped about him, in an agony of canine joy.

"Why, Ruff, old man!" said the voice he knew. "Not forgotten me yet?"

"Yap—yap—yap!" said the White Poodle, ecstatically. He bounded in the air and licked his master's ear as he stooped to pat him, and then the ear was suddenly withdrawn, for his mistress was standing in the doorway.

"*You?*" she said, again with that catch in her breath.

"I beg your pardon!" said the master of the White Poodle, distantly. "I understood you were to have left for the Continent to-day, and that the Frasers were to take possession to-morrow?"

"It is quite true about the Frasers," she said, quite calmly and coldly now; "but I travel by the early train. Ruff and I have been spending the evening together." She smiled with stiff lips.

"I must ask you to pardon this intrusion," said Ruff's master, and Ruff gave a little whine of surprise. "The fact is, that old pet meerschaum of mine has been forgotten behind the chimney-glass. I sent to ask Rowlandson for it, but Rowlandson was always an idiot at finding things and he has not changed. And I happened to be passing and I remembered that the latch-key was still upon my chain"—he held it up—"and so I ventured in, thinking the house empty of all but the servants, as I have said. It's abominably annoying—and awkward!" He flushed darkly and bit his lip. "However, I have found the pipe and I'll remove both it and myself." He bowed distantly. "Permit me to say—good-night and good-bye."

"Good-night and good-bye!" she echoed listlessly.

The White Poodle darted out between the curtains as his master moved to the door. He had been wounded and aggrieved by the coldness of these two people. It seemed incredible to him that a master and a mistress, joint owners of a dog with a crest and monogram exquisitely cut upon his hind-quarters, a ruff round his neck, a tassel to his tail, and fringed circlets round each leg, should fail to be joyous over such a possession. But he had thought of a thing which, executed at the right moment, might evoke the enthusiasm which had formerly greeted such displays of intelligence upon his part. There was a row of pegs behind a curtain at the top of the stairs, and hanging upon one of these, neglected, dusty, and moth-eaten, was a garment he knew well. His claws rattled against the stair-rods as he raced upstairs.

"Where has the dog gone?" said his master, glancing over his mistress's shoulder. Then he smiled. "Odd! I keep forgetting that the little beast isn't mine, and missing him. Things one has been used to leave a blank, somehow. One feels raw until the place skins over."

"I suppose one does," she said. Then she broke out, "I suppose I am one of the things you were used to. Do I leave a blank? Do I?"

"I must admit it," returned the White Poodle's master. "But—it's an ill wind blows nobody good, you know. And—Dane—!"

"You insult me by the mention of that man's name," she said. "He is nothing to me, nor am I anything to him. He is to marry Mrs. Lorraine. She has divorced Brakeston at last, and—"

"I am sorry," said the White Poodle's master.

She cried out, "Sorry for me, you mean?"

"Yes," said the White Poodle's master.

"Now, you *shall* learn the *truth*," she said. "I never meant to tell you, but your pity for me has driven pity for myself out of my heart. Our first and final disagreement—about that diamond star—"

"Ah!" he said. "Why bring up all that now? It is so late in the day."

"It is never too late in the day to learn the truth," she said. "Colonel Dane had expressed admiration for me too warmly. I asked him to discontinue his visits, since he had rendered it impossible for me to receive him here upon the footing of an ordinary friend. He sent me a letter full of penitence and—a crowning piece of insolence—the diamond star you saw. I sent it back to him at once, without a word! A few hours later, Gertrude Lorraine came hurrying to me. She showed me a diamond star which a friend had sent her. Brakeston, if he had noticed it, would have been like a maniac."

"Curious that a man should be unfaithful and jealous at the same instant! But I've known such cases," said the master of the White Poodle.

"So I took it to keep for her, as she begged me, for a few weeks, until—"

"Brakeston being got rid of, she could safely . . . I begin to see," said the master of the White Poodle, shaping his lips into a whistle.

"When she had gone, I sat looking at the star. Suddenly, I noticed engraving on the back. 'From J. D.' the letters ran, and there was the day's date. Mrs. Lorraine's 'friend' was Colonel Dane, and the star he had sent to me and that I had returned to him, he had sent to her, at once, without even altering the inscription."

"Dane," said the master of the White Poodle, "was always a saving fellow. But—but you wore the wretched thing."

"I did. It was pretty—and new. I put it on and went down to dinner. You noticed it—"

"And we quarrelled!"

"For the first and last time. You began by insulting me!" she said, with a little quaver.

"I was madly jealous!"

"And I was obstinate and wouldn't explain. For one thing, I'd promised Gertrude not to."

"And so that silly little idiot parted us!" said the White Poodle's master. "Well, the deed has been drawn up and signed, I suppose—?"

"Oh, *of course*, we couldn't alter things now!" said the White Poodle's mistress.

"Do you mind sitting down and talking it over?" The White Poodle's master pointed to the divan.

"I have only a few moments to spare!" protested the White Poodle's mistress. But, still, she sat down on one end of the divan, and the White Poodle's master sat at the other. There was a long silence; then the man said—

"Alice, my darling, can you forgive me? Will you take me back?"

And the woman answered—

"It's quite too late! People would say we didn't know our own minds."

The master of the White Poodle looked at the smoking-room fire, which was burning red and low. Then a thought occurred to him.

"We—we could explain," he said, awkwardly, "that we had submitted the—the matter to arbitration."

"We could—perhaps," said the mistress of the White Poodle; "but suppose we were asked to name our arbitrator—what then?"

There was a scuffling sound outside the door and a little whine. Something blundered against the curtains.

"We could name—" Suddenly the master of the White Poodle lifted his hand. "There he is!" he said.

The White Poodle's mistress uttered a little cry, for in the middle of the floor stood the White Poodle. At his feet lay a dilapidated smoking-coat, which, to judge by its appearance, might have been exhumed from the dust-hole, and he carried in his mouth a quilted satin slipper belonging to his mistress. The fellow to it he had left upon the stairs. And, seeing two pairs of human eyes bent upon him and shining with admiration, the White Poodle pricked his ears, wagged his tail violently, and barked a smothered bark.

"Ruff!" his mistress cried. "Oh, you darling beast!"

The White Poodle bore no malice that the embrace meant for him should have been intercepted upon the way. His two humans were happy, and he knew that Home, thenceforth, would be all that the most exacting of dogs could desire.

LOVE'S DREAM.

Bright, fragrant flowers in winter bloom,
The year's a summer day to me,
My life's one sweet, unbroken dream;
I only live for love of thee.

The rippling laugh of mountain streams,
The trilled love-calls from tree to tree,
The purple hills, the frail harebells
Live in my soul for love of thee.

There is no darkness in my life,
Nor pain, nor sadness; but for me
The radiant light of pure-born love
Makes time a day's eternity.

J. PARRINGTON-POOLE.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-six (from October 23, 1901, to January 15, 1902) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—OUR POET-PLAYWRIGHT'S LATEST.

BY next Saturday night, if present arrangements hold, the much-wandering "Ulysses" will have wandered to Her Majesty's.

His greatly daring poetic interpreter this time is Mr. Stephen Phillips, who, undeterred by remembrance of Old Homer and his many translators, has boldly attacked the subject on his own account. I have often pointed out that no person on this terrestrial globe can predict before production whether any play will succeed with the public, for the simple reason that such prophet doesn't know. This difficulty is, of course, intensified when the play treats of some classical theme, and is, moreover, written in verse. Classical scholars, and those who fondly think themselves to be such, are apt to grumble at this or that sin of omission or commission, while, on the other hand, I fear that, even in the case of so reputedly well-known a personage as Ulysses, otherwise Odysseus, many a playgoer, even in the higher-priced parts of the house, will wonder who he was, or, at all events, what he did.

Should such lamentably uninformed playgoers be found at Her Majesty's, they will, happily, not long be left in doubt, for our gifted young bard Phillips has told his story with remarkable directness and simplicity—for a poet. When the play opens, we speedily learn from a Congress of the Gods and Goddesses on Mount Olympus that Ulysses, notwithstanding his prowess at "the Front"—meaning Troy—has long been kept a prisoner, albeit a comparatively willing one, on the Magic Isle of the Siren Calypso. Pallas Athéné (otherwise Minerva) pleads that Jupiter shall issue a decree that Calypso shall anon set free the wily Ulysses, who, after many weary years' absence from the Ithacan domestic hearth, is now growing somewhat home-sick. Certain of the Gods and Goddesses in conclave assembled denounce Ulysses because he has annoyed them in some way or other. But, in due course, Jupiter (here, of course, called Zeus), pointing out that he has had his own little failings, commands Mercury (here called Hermes) to notify Calypso to set Ulysses free. Zeus, then striking the first really serious note of this rhymed prologue, confesses that, after all, he and his fellow deities must bow to some Superior Law or Fate, which he describes as "Lord over lords, the God behind the gods."

After Zeus has hurled a few odd thunderbolts around, probably to show that there is no ill-feeling, the scene changes to the Fore-court of Ulysses' Ithacan Palace. Here, under the glorious afternoon sky, and with a most picturesque background, you see the group of suitors for the hand of Ulysses' long-expectant but now despairing wife, Penelope. She has, thanks to the gift of the Gods, remained as young-looking and as beautiful as she was when her husband went away so many weary years ago, if not more so. The chief suitors, namely, the rich but ridiculous Ctesippus, the plausible but crafty

Eurymáchus, and the burly and brutal Antinous (respectively allotted to Messrs. Henry Kemble, S. A. Cookson, and Oscar Asche), are seen leading into riotous living the son whom Ulysses has never seen, Telemachus, to wit (Mr. Gerald Lawrence). After the revellers, strayed and otherwise, have called upon the Minstrel (Mr. Courtice Pounds) for a song, Penelope (to be represented by the beautiful Miss Lily Hanbury, who is every inch the Ithacan Queen) enters majestically and sorrowfully, causing a reverent hush to fall on all around. After her impassioned pleading with her long-put-off suitors for yet more time wherein to decide which to choose, Pallas Athéné appears to young Telemachus, and urges him to throw off luxury and sloth and to become more worthy of the father whom he may yet see. The Act ends with a splendidly written blank-verse dialogue between the pure and noble Penelope and the handsome son whom she worships—a most touching finale to a varied and crowded Act.

In due course we are wafted to Calypso's Magic Isle, a marvelous specimen of the scenic art. Here for the first time we see Ulysses (Mr. Tree), still somewhat under the spell of Calypso, which enchantress was—at the rehearsal to which my good friends Beerbohm Tree and his brilliant young bard Phillips kindly welcomed me—allotted to the enchanting Mrs. Brown-Potter. Since then, however, this lovely and popular lady has resigned the part, under the circumstances explained in "Small Talk"; Miss Nancy Price succeeding her.

Soon, Hermes, descending from the skies (never mind how), brings the command of Zeus as to the releasing of Ulysses, and, after another fine piece of blank-verse writing in a farewell scene between Ulysses (now eager to see his home and domains in "Gaunt Ithaca") and Calypso (who uses every wile to induce him to change his mind), Ulysses and his comrades joyously embark for home, singing *en route* a kind of classical sea-song by some Dibdin of the period.

Now comes the grandest and most daring portion of what will assuredly be the most gorgeous and picturesque production even Mr. Tree has yet attempted. This is the representation of the Approach to Hell (otherwise Hades), per the River Styx, and the Interior of Hades itself. Here Ulysses,

compelled perforce to linger awhile, is met by the awful ghosts and shades of all sorts of beings in despair, from tiny babes and their wailing mothers to philosophers and warriors of great note. All seek to daunt the spirit of the courageous Ulysses by various saddening statements, the worst of all being that Penelope, for whom he now yearns, is no longer true to him. It is not fair, before production, to fully describe the startling episodes and shudderful lines scattered through this awful Act. It is enough to say that here the poet powerfully brings out the main object of his play, which is the depicting of the power of Will in a man who is resolved to fight against all obstacles, whether human or superhuman.

The last Act, placed in another part of Ulysses' Palace, virtually starts with a pathetically written meeting between Ulysses and his son, and goes on to the scene when, on the day Penelope fixes for her choice of suitors, her toil-worn, buffeted husband comes, as in Old Homer's



MR. BEERBOHM TREE, WHO WILL APPEAR IN MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S NEW POETICAL PLAY, "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

finish, disguised as a beggar, and is reviled and even beaten by all and sundry. He bides his time, however, but in what fashion the poet works this spirited scene, and in what an unexpected but impressive manner he brings his final curtain down, must be left untold till the *Sketch's* criticism next week.

I have said above that no one can predict how any play, however well-written one may know it to be, will go with the playgoing public. I am inclined to think, however, that this varied poetic drama, so full of pleasantry as well as passion, is safe. I say this because, even as I saw it at an ordinary undress rehearsal, with Ulysses and Zeus in their best top-hats and frock-coats, with Penelope and Venus in modern frocks and frills set off by this or that kind of fur, with all sorts of bits of wooden platforms, bare benches, and various eccentric forms of "substitute" props, and with the Musical Director, Mr. Norman Bath, comically popping his head through the rushes that cover the orchestra in order to conduct Mr. Coleridge Taylor's beautiful special music—in spite of all this disturbing environment, I say, "Ulysses" held me deeply interested—nay, fascinated—by its poetry and charm from start to finish.

"AS ONCE IN MAY."

Mr. J. Hartley Manners' one-Act comedy, "As Once in May"—produced during last week at the Shaftesbury Theatre as prelude to the funny, successful farce, "Are You a Mason?"—is a "curtain-raiser" of quite unusual quality. Perhaps the author suffers a little from an effort to put too much on his canvas, but the fault, if any, is only a rare virtue in excess, and, on the other hand, one has dialogue finely written in many passages, clever comic business, and an interesting story neatly told concerning two pairs of lovers at cross-purposes who in the end find their ways and become happy. It is not very ingenious to call the chief part D'Orsay, and in consequence make jokes about the play at Her Majesty's, and Mr. Manners has enough wit not to need such obvious humours. There is a very droll and rather farcical cigar business in the piece which amused the house very greatly and caused real roars of laughter. The cleverest acting was that of the author, who played very brightly as Bob Gossett, a young man with a system of love-making who talks as much about his "system" as if he were Sheerluck Jones. Mr. Egerton Hubbard acts cleverly as a loquacious waiter. Miss Ada Webster gave a sincere performance of some ability as a young lady with a rather fluctuating heart.

PLAYGOERS' CLUB PANTOMIME FOR SLUM CHILDREN.

The Playgoers' Club Committee took the whole of the Surrey Theatre for last Saturday afternoon, when 3,500 poor children were entertained. Arrangements have also been made by this generous Club to take a thousand children to the Kennington Theatre and a thousand to the Grand Theatre, Fulham.



MISS EVA MOORE, PLAYING THE LEAD IN " PILKERTON'S PEERAGE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

To-night (Wednesday) Mr. Wyndham will revive at his pretty theatre in the Charing Cross Road what is undoubtedly Mr. Haddon Chambers's best play, namely,

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."

It must be noted, however, that this revival will not interfere with the matinées of the charming play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at that theatre. These matinées will, in consequence of the great success of the play, be given every day except Saturday.

MR. H. E. MOSS, a slender, modest-looking, fair man with a slight moustache, is not only justly admired as one of the most successful caterers in the amusement world, and head of one of the most prosperous Variety Theatre Companies in the kingdom. The man who added so greatly to the attractions of the Metropolis by building the London Hippodrome is beloved by his employés of every class. For example, they have decided to present him with another token of regard and respect in the graceful form of a large and lifelike drawing of himself as *the Aladdin* of the London Hippodrome, made by Mr. Algernon A. F. Kennett. It is intended for Mr. H. E. Moss's smoking-room at his new house in Scotland, Middleton Hall, Middleton, Midlothian.



THE CHAIRMAN'S CAVE.

PORTRAIT OF MR. H. E. MOSS, PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE EMPLOYÉS OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE has had an offer of £40,000 for forty concerts in America by the living Colonel Mapleson, but has declined. The popular tenor declares that he is so satisfied with his success in Paris as Siegfried that he has no ambition for further triumphs. "Money down," however, often clinches such bargains.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S DEATH,

Jan. 22, Mr. Newman gave an interesting concert at Queen's Hall. The programme included the Funeral March from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," the famous Pathetic Symphony of Tschaikowsky, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture, and a violin solo played by Madame Beatrice Langley. Mr. Murray Carson recited "The Queen's Last Ride," Madame Kirkby Lunn sang "O Rest in the Lord" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Miss Florence Schmidt was heard in Handel's "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." The fine orchestra played magnificently under the direction of Mr. Wood.

AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,

on the 22nd inst., a work seldom heard in the modern concert-room was performed. It was the Sinfonietta (Op. 188) of Joachim Raff, a musician of the greatest merit. He wrote five symphonies for the orchestra, which are extremely fine, and many of his compositions for the pianoforte are greatly valued, his four sonatas for violin and pianoforte being masterly works also. The Sinfonietta is for wind-instruments, and was admirably played by the students, who quite distinguished themselves.

If the present arrangements are not postponed for any reason, we are to see on or about next Friday Messrs. R. C. Herz and T. J. Blow try at the Royalty a new adaptation by Miss Kate Santley of "Divorçons." It is at present called

"MIXED RELATIONS,"

and the principal characters are allotted to Misses Sarah Brooke, De Winton, and Pollie Emery, and Messrs. R. C. Herz, Widdicombe, Vane-Tempest, and E. W. Garden.

Captain Basil Hood's new play for Mr. Terry—which play now bears the dainty title of "My Pretty Maid"—will presently be tried on tour, before being brought to Terry's Theatre about Eastertide.

Mr. Alfred Balfour, a popular comedian and a truly unselfish man, has, I regret to say, been stricken down with dangerous illness. After a long spell of ill-health preventing him from following his profession, the poor fellow is now an inmate of St. Thomas's Hospital (George Ward). A fund has been started on his behalf. Donations may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Spencer West, Somerset House, Strand.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The late Mr. Starley—A New Word—County Councillors and Cycle Tracks—The Roads in Winter—Repairing Outfit as a Charm—Bell-Ringing.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 29, 5.41; Thursday, 5.43; Friday, 5.45; Saturday, Feb. 1, 5.47; Sunday, 5.48; Monday, 5.50; Tuesday, 5.52.

My remarks a couple of weeks back, that cyclists should do something to perpetuate the memory of the man who did more than anyone to make our pastime universal, Mr. J. K. Starley, have brought a number of letters from wheelmen and wheelwomen who would be glad to contribute their share. Mr. Starley was one of the kindest, most courteous, genuine men I have ever met. True, he was intimately associated with one firm, but surely trade jealousies do not extend so far as to put a restraint on appreciating the work of a man who, indirectly, of course, put many a hundred thousand pounds into the pockets of other firms.

I am most anxious there should be a fitting and lasting remembrance of Mr. Starley. Therefore, I appeal to the authorities of the "C.T.C.," which is the chief Club, to take the matter up; let it invite the co-operation of the "N.C.U." and also the big Clubs in Scotland, in the Midlands, and in London. Let the foolish fear of contamination by even recognising there are other Clubs in the world besides the "C.T.C." be swept aside. In such a case as this, at any rate, let there be open fellowship and an honest rivalry in raising big sums to provide a statue. Even the most niggardly of us can raise a shilling for such a cause.

We owe it to the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland that a new word has been incorporated into our language. To explain a place where motors can be stored and cleaned and generally looked after requires a long phrase. "Motor mews" would be all right were it not that the alliteration savours of levity. The new and expressive word, which is borrowed from the French *gare*, is "garage."

The other evening, in the North of England, I was fortunate, at the dinner-table of a friend, to make the acquaintance of four members of the County Council. Naturally, at a convenient moment, I switched the conversation to the condition of main-roads, a matter in which the four "C.C.'s" were peculiarly interested. I spoke about the sloppy, greasy condition of the highways, which made cycling not only disagreeable, but dangerous, and pointed out how cheaply a special cycle-track could be laid by the side of the highways, gave my own experiences of such tracks in America, and declared that most certainly, though it might be somewhat late in the day, we must have them in England. I warmed to my subject, and held out the prospect how these four "C.C.'s" might gain the applause of wheelmen the country through by agitating in their own sphere of influence for a start to be made. I was sorry to learn that not one of my auditors was a cyclist, and, therefore, I rather expected the usual remarks about the greediness of cyclists, and that a good deal more had been done for them than they deserved. Not so.

Everything I urged was admitted; it was recognised that cyclists are ratepayers and deserve recognition. The only point urged was that there was not sufficient evidence cyclists themselves were keenly anxious for such tracks. At first I was rather startled by such ignorance. And yet there was a good deal in what these gentlemen said. We all would like these tracks, we admit what a boon they would be, and there we stop. We want concerted, enthusiastic action, and that we have not got. Still, we might individually, whenever opportunity offers, press on our friends who are in authority the benefits of cycle-paths. Then possibly some Council might some day be composed of cyclists who of their own will would set about providing this boon and blessing to men.

Now that the weather is beginning to show signs—though, alas! fine weather is something more desired than obtained—of being less rigorous than it was, even timid, butterfly cyclists are beginning to venture out. Let me say that, though close to big towns where there is much traffic the road-surface is usually horrible, out in the country you can find many a mile of excellent going. We are a nation of grumblers, and therefore to grumble at the state of the roads is natural. But we must remember—and on this point I have authority to speak—that nowhere in the world can you find roads that stand the winter so well as those at home. There are places where the road-surveyor must be an ass—English surveyors might, as a rule, do worse than pay a visit to Scotland to see how they make roads there—but all round, considering the conditions, we have really not got very much to complain about. It is a lack of understanding the relation of things to make comparisons between a Continental road in early summer and an English road in mid-winter. Folks who make that comparison are also the people who compare a twenty-guinea English bicycle with a twenty-dollar American wheel and take the difference as proof that American work when contrasted with English is poor and rubbishy stuff.

Don't go out for a jaunt without a proper repairing outfit, and don't go out with a repairing outfit you bought last year. You may have carried a shilling box of repairing material for six months and never used it once, and, therefore, think it is needless to carry it any more. Don't think that. A repairing outfit acts as a charm against disaster. You don't get punctures so long as you have it stowed

in a corner of your tool-bag. Leave it at home, and then, when you are six or seven miles from anywhere, splash down will go your tyre! There is a far more certain law in punctures than in chance; and every cyclist knows that what I say is true. Also, remember that, in time, solution loses its adhesive qualities. Almost worse than having no solution at all is having solution that won't stick. Don't say to yourself, "Oh! I think there is enough in the tube." Throw the old tube away and buy another.

Should you or should you not ring your bell when you overtake a pedestrian? The law expects you to always give warning of your approach, but, then, "the law" is not a very excellent authority on cycling matters. Personally, I

carry a very small bell, and, unless I am threading my way through a bunch of pedestrians, I never ring it. The sudden ring of a bell startles rather than warns the pedestrian. He gives a jump, and, as likely as not, in his flurry, gets before you rather than out of your way. It is much better to slip by without giving any signal. But, in this matter, as in so many others, you cannot lay down a fixed rule. Much should be left to the common-sense of the cyclist, and it is certainly a good sign that Judges are ceasing to insist on the letter of the law and expect cyclists to give warning only when there is reasonable ground for thinking an accident might occur if warning were not given.

J. F. F.

RAILWAY-CYCLE SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

As Mr. Brodrick has assured us, railway communication between Cape Town and Johannesburg is now, happily, so safe that trains pass freely North and South. Business life is resumed in the chief cities of the Transvaal, just as if the guerilla warfare had terminated, as it may any month. Meantime, it may be of interest to see the type of Army cycle-patrol that has done signally good service on the railway lines. The machine (with a photograph of which *The Sketch* has been favoured) is the invention of Major Owen-Lewis, who raised and commanded the Cape Colony Cyclist Corps, which has done such serviceable work in scouting and despatch-riding during the War. Major Owen-Lewis is seen in the centre of the picture on one of his ingeniously constructed machines. The cycles are pneumatic-tyred, with light steel flanges to keep them on the lines, and they run quite silently—a great advantage for night-patrolling. Strong riders can easily do thirty miles an hour on them.



ONE OF MAJOR OWEN-LEWIS'S RAILWAY CYCLES WHICH HAVE DONE GOOD PATROL SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The King's Horses. I consider that Richard Marsh has a big responsibility this year. He trains the King's horses, and all sportsmen will wish them luck in their races. Marsh has only sixty-seven horses in his stables this year, against eighty-four

last season, but I think he has quite sufficient to look after. His employers are His Majesty, Lord Wolverton, Mr. Arthur James, and Mr. J. W. Larnach. The King is said to own an improving horse in Lauzun, a four-year-old by St. Simon—Merrie Lassie. Lauzun won over the Ascot course last year, and, should he capture the Gold Cup this season, there would be a scene comparable only with that which was witnessed after Persimmon captured the Derby. Another of the King's horses is Lord Quex, a very disappointing animal. The son of Sir Hugo may improve with age, but Maher will be clever indeed if he gets him home first in a big race. Pole-Carew, a b.c. by Persimmon—Laodamia, will, all gay, represent His Majesty in the Derby, and I am told Marsh

is very fond of his chance. His book-form is moderate only, but his breeding is good enough for anything. Of the King's two-year-olds, Persistence, an own brother to Pole-Carew, is a promising youngster. Persiflour, a son of Persimmon—Merrie Lassie, has thirteen engagements as a two-year-old, while Persistence is engaged thirteen times, and the b. filly by Orme—Leveret has eleven engagements as a two-year-old. The jockeys engaged to ride for the stable are Maher, Clemson, H. Jones, R. Jones, G. Day, W. Madden, and W. Barrett. Marsh has lost the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire and of Mr. Brodrick Cloete, but he has still some really useful animals under his charge.

The Weights. The weights for the majority of the Spring Handicaps will be published on Thursday, and the acceptances in the following week. When we get the list of "contents," we can settle down in earnest to try and find the probable winners. In the Continental lists, St. Maclou has for some time been favourite for the Lincoln Handicap. Colonel McCalmont's useful four-year-old likes the going soft, and he is certain to be started in the early spring. Watershed, in the same stable, is useful, but, being a Cambridgeshire winner, he is likely to be weighted up to his best form. He is by Watercress, the sire of Nasturtium. Several good judges have been waiting for the Solicitor. This horse certainly did not run up to his best form in the autumn. He may be a Spring performer. The North Country folk will support Synews, a very useful animal. Others inquired after are Con, Good Luck, Zagiga, and Doricles. However, it will be time enough to discuss their chances after the weights have appeared. For the Grand National the popular favourite is the King's horse, Ambush II., and his victory would be very popular. Manifesto is being inquired after, but I cannot fancy the old horse this time. He has won the race since I wanted to purchase him for a well-known titled gentleman. But he must have become stale by now, and I shall be surprised to see him stand up to the finish. Drogheda, another past winner, met with a slight accident lately, but is now said to be all right again. Last year's winner, Gurdon, is doing good work. Lord Cadogan has a useful animal engaged in Lurgan, but I think Ambush II. will be the best of the Irish lot.

Tipsters. I was much tickled the other day by reading the following tipster's advertisement: "Mr —— begs to inform his clients that he has discontinued business for the season. His address until March 1 will be 'Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo.'" The gentleman in question must have had a good time of late; but the profession, generally speaking, is not a flourishing one just now, as I notice the names of two advertising tipsters in the last issue of the Forfeit List. The late Jack Dickenson used to say that he could make tons of money when he stuck to his legitimate business as a tipster, but when he bought horses it soon swallowed up his savings. It may not be generally known that the tipsters are charged almost prohibitive prices for their advertisements in the sporting papers. Further, the racing public at least get pleasure in picking out winners for themselves, and they seek for latest information as to form, arrivals, probable runners, betting, &c. All this and more can be obtained

nowadays in any halfpenny evening paper, and, as a well-known Post Office official said to me the other day, late wires from the course containing "Pinches" and "Certainties" are very much off. The Correspondents representing the evening papers get telegrams from every training quarter giving a list of all departures, and by the aid of these it is possible to compile a correct list of probable runners some hours before many of the horses reach the racecourse.

N. H. Racing. If things go on as they are going under National Hunt Rules, we shall find most of the horses running owned by bookmakers and professional backers. The form is, to say the least, tantalising in the extreme. Horses are down the course this week and win next, but nothing is said by the Stewards. And here I would note that the opinion of a handicapper should not be taken as to the finish of his own handicap. Of course, it is to the interest of the weight-adjuster to see an outsider upset a hot favourite in one of his handicaps, and it would be only human for him to argue that all was well. On the other hand, the public are good judges, generally speaking, and, when hot favourites get bowled over time after time in handicaps, an inquiry into the running should be held. During an experience ranging over twenty-five years, I have invariably found history to bear the opinion of the public out in fifteen handicaps out of twenty at the winter game. Yet, during the present season not one handicap in five has been won by a first-favourite. As for the weight-for-age selling plates, the form is beneath contempt, and as for the National Hunt Flat races, they should have been abolished years ago. We want one strong Steward, like Lord Marcus Beresford, at every National Hunt meeting; the sport would then flourish and grow apace.

CAPTAIN COE.

A GALLANT IRISH FOOTBALL-PLAYER IN THE FIELD. Captain T. J. Crean, of the Imperial Light Horse, though known to be an Irish football-player of the front rank, is a gallant soldier Rudyard Kipling would be proud of. Lafayette, Limited, of Dublin, obligingly sent this little portrait of Captain Crean, who has been recommended by General Dartnell for the Victoria Cross for an act of special bravery under fire during a recent engagement of the Imperial Light Horse with the ubiquitous Christian De Wet, of grey spectacles and Will-o'-the-Wisp fame. The intrepid Captain was a well-known Irish International player (Rugby), and was a prominent member of the Wanderers' Football Club.



MR. AND MRS. SYERS.

WINNERS OF THE PRIZE FOR HAND-IN-HAND SKATING AT THE DAVOS INTERNATIONAL FIGURE-SKATING CONTEST ON JAN. 18 AND 19. MR. AND MRS. SYERS ARE WELL-KNOWN FIGURES AT "NIAGARA." MR. SYERS IS SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL SKATING ASSOCIATION, FIGURE DEPARTMENT.

Photograph by Ward Muir.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THEFTS of jewellery have become so frequent of late and the devices of the nimble-fingered gentry so devious that it behoves women with respectably filled jewel-boxes to have a care of their possessions. Some years ago, for example, before electricity had become tamed to domestic usages, a favourite device of your specialist in "lifting" was to call and wind the clocks, or demand to see the meter, or bring fictitious messages about cleaning windows when the mistress was safely forth on morning shoppings. Now, the idea is to gain access to people's houses on the plea of repairing electric-wires or replacing worn-out electric-lamps, and quite a quantity of jewellery has been beguiled from its lawful owners lately in this eminently simple way. Careless people should clearly not entrust valuables to the insufficient shelter of their houses without a safe, and it is, by the way, a very useful tip to have duplicates made by the Parisian Diamond Company, whose pearls and diamonds are so perfect a semblance of the real thing, and are set, moreover, with a taste and skill that are never exceeded in the costliest jewellery, all the Parisian Diamond Company's settings being pure gold and the workmanship that of highly trained craftsmen. The exact replica of a pearl necklace valued at £4225 and stolen within the past few weeks could have been produced by the "P. D. Co." for less than a fiftieth part of that sum, all of which tends to point an obvious moral in adorning, not a tale, but a head.

These are levelling days, as people are fond of remarking, and certainly the plutocracy is coming into its kingdom with a vengeance,



TOILETTE DE VISITE.

while the poor aristocracy has to tout for wine and get on Boards of bubble Companies, and attempt various other subterranean means of getting a living. I have travelled in the uneasy air of the airless "Tube" with The MacCallum More on one side and a fustianed

navvy on the other. I have danced at a ball in "Kaffir Lane" where the hostess had, by a reckless dealing out of cheques, managed to get into the inner ring of Debrett. She used not to be known at the Cape—but that was in the prehistoric days before the Raid. I have—but why multiply instances? Nobody is surprised at anything now,



EVENING-CLOAK OF WHITE SATIN, WHITE LACE, AND CHENILLE.

and when the daughter-in-law of a Royal Duke starts a beauty-shop in Brook Street, with the laudable and avowed intention of ironing out other people's facial wrinkles and evolving swan-like necks from skinny, nobody is even faintly surprised, and we merely express the hope that all these cheering promises will be performed.

I have not yet negotiated Mrs. FitzGeorge's salon in Brook Street, but I shall certainly hope to do so. The heat and burden of particularising frills and fashions as they fly imprint a fresh foot-note on my features every week; and if any device, sub-royal or otherwise, discovered itself that could, as Tommy Moore suggests, "smooth away a wrinkle," that truly primrose path would be most painstakingly and perseveringly adopted by every Eve's daughter of us all. Still, as Mrs. FitzGeorge asks only that we shall come and prove her contention, there is no reason why we should not hopefully flock to Brook Street, and, as a merciful Judge did in a certain *cause célèbre*, give her the benefit of the doubt.

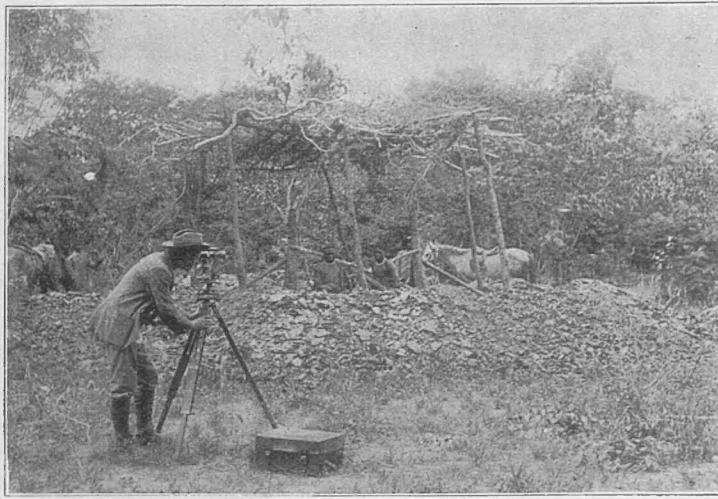
All of us who can are bent on getting out of town just now, and the scamper Riviera-wards almost exceeds the eager record of other seasons. Women are accordingly more intent on cloaks, wraps, and a *chic batterie de voyage* than anything else. The Empire cloak carries all before it as a favourite, and one in which a friend has invested seems worth a description here. It is of dull or oyster-white cloth, two dozen or upward rows of black stitching set in curves giving a graceful "set out" to the hem and cleverly simulating a flounce, wide sleeves cuffed with black panne, and above this bands of sable make

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 11.

THE WEEK.

SINCE we last wrote, two or three things which were devoutly to be wished for have happened; among them not the least important is that the disclosures made as to the Whitaker Wright examination have led to the resignation of the City Editor of *Truth*, which will, perhaps, restore the confidence of the readers of that



COAL-MINING IN RHODESIA: THE WANKIE EXPEDITION.

excellent Pro-Boer journal who have money to play with. The late Editor's cheerful optimism must have cost them a good round sum during the last three years. Wiser counsels have prevailed with the Welsbach Directors, and they have resigned the positions in which they had admittedly lost the confidence of the shareholders. That they should have hesitated as to so obvious a step, is far more remarkable than that, on second thoughts, they should have accepted the inevitable. We have grave doubts as to whether the Company can be put on its legs again, but there is more chance of it now than appeared probable immediately after the meeting.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The Railway dividends are coming out thick and fast, but their effect upon the market is comparatively slight. Sharp fluctuations in Brighton "A" are almost the only feature of the department, and here, as we remarked a week or two ago, it takes a mere bagatelle of stock to move the price out of all proportion to the deal. In the "Heavy" section, Lancashire and Yorkshire is strong, and the dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. coincides with our own estimate made five weeks since. At that time we commented upon the fall in the price of the stock to 106 and drew attention to its cheapness. The quotation is now, at the time of writing, 111½. As regards London and South-Western, "a reduction of ½ per cent. in the Ordinary dividend," we wrote, "is not improbable." The actual figures realise our prophecy to a nicety; but the market had been expecting something better, and South-Western issues slumped heavily when the declaration was made known. Chatham First Preference gets its full 4½ per cent., "as we fancy it will," said our issue of Dec. 25; but our forecast of the South-Eastern dividend has proved too optimistic, and the Ordinary stock will receive 2 per cent., instead of that 3 which was necessary in order to maintain South-Eastern pre-Ordinary securities in the strictest Trustee lists.

The Waterloo and City dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. was, of course, as much a foregone conclusion as was *nil* on Dover "A." The Central London shows up well with 4 per cent. on all its Ordinary varieties; "if 4 per cent. be not paid on all the Ordinary stocks," we said, "which, of course, include the Preferred and Deferred, there will be a good many other people astonished as well as ourselves." The event was so generally expected that hardly a ripple passed over the "Tube" quotations at its announcement. We now await the results of the half-year's working from the four great Heavy lines, and, judging from those already declared, the dividends are not likely to be sensationally good.

THE MINING MARKETS.

It is the Kaffir Circus that still rules the roost in the Mining Markets, and the amount of activity which prevails in that department is surprising a good many of those who predicted that the boomlet would be short-lived. It is a curious feature of the animation, as we pointed out previously, that the outcrop shares have not come in for the same amount of attention which they usually enjoy when Kaffirs are booming. This section has been somewhat neglected during the last few weeks, and for those who are on the look-out for a tempting speculation we may suggest Wolhuters. They are £4 shares, and, although they have risen considerably since the beginning of the Kaffir revival, the property is good enough to warrant a further advance

in them. Another Company from which great things are expected is the Geduld, the shares of which stand in the neighbourhood of 7½, and at about 5s. lower Heriots will probably prove an excellent purchase for the speculative investor. In the Land group, Bechuanaland shares, about 1½, deserve notice, and, after the recent rise in Oceana, will probably be taken in hand. It must, however, be said that a further rise in Kaffir shares is now almost entirely dependent upon the attitude of the public in taking, or refraining from, a liberal hand in the market. Indications go to show that the public are coming in, but, up to the present, there is quite wanting that indescribably feverish appetite upon the part of the public which rushed up Kaffirs to such ridiculously inflated prices in the last boom.

The West African Market is dull to stupidity, and West Australians have become for the moment the playthings of a few professionals.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

It is not often that The Carriage meets on the way home from the City, but it did the other night, The Jobber jumping in just as the train started.

"Last, and in most respects least," commented The Broker.

"You'll be all right after dinner," cheerfully retorted his friend. "For myself, I have just made six-pounds-five in the Street, and I go home with peace in my heart and a level book in my pocket."

"Is it not difficult to undo all your bargains sometimes?" inquired The Engineer. "I mean to say, if you buy shares from a broker, can you always be certain of re-selling them at a profit?"

"Oh no, not a bit! If we could make sure of that, jobbing would be a profession for the gods. As it is—," and he shrugged his dusty shoulders.

"Then a jobber runs more risk than a broker, surely?" pursued The Engineer. "I have a son just leaving school, and am thinking of the Stock Exchange as an opening for him. That is why I am so inquisitive."

"No need to apologise at all, my dear sir. You really want to know whether it is better to start the lad as a broker or a jobber?"

"Exactly," confirmed the father.

"Well, so far as risk goes, I really don't think there is much difference. Perhaps the broker runs less, on the whole. Eh, Brokie?"

"It largely depends upon whether the broker adopts liability to his client in the event of a jobber failing," returned the other. "But I agree with you that, on the whole, we brokers run fewer risks than you jobbers do. Not that that should be the sole thing to study when it's a question of starting a boy."

"What do you advise, then?" queried The Engineer. "They tell me that the present time is the best of the year for making arrangements like this, just when you fellows are coming to the end of your Stock Exchange year."

"I should say that it hardly matters which you place him with," The Broker said. "If he is smart, he is pretty sure to get on in either position, and within a year or so he will be able to change if he sees he has more chance of advancement by doing so."

"Thank you. Then, if you happen to hear of one of your House friends who has a vacancy in his office, you might—"

"With the greatest pleasure. The Kaffir boomlet ought to have created a few openings, and I'll have a look round to-morrow."

"Did you sell my Goldfields to-day?" asked The Merchant, impatiently throwing down the *Globe* City Notes.

"Yes," responded The Broker. "Didn't my clerks telephone you? I told them to; careless young devils! Got a thirty-second over the highest price."

"That was because he sold them to me," quoth The Jobber, whistling an air from "Iolanthe."

"I mean to have them back on a ten-shilling fall," threatened The Merchant.

"Don't be so greedy!" advised The Jobber. "That's where you beautiful public make such a mistake. You think you can't take less



COAL-MINING IN RHODESIA: A PROSPECTING SHAFT.

than half-a-sovereign a share profit, when five shillings ought to be enough for any man."

"But are Kaffirs going down?" demanded The City Editor, with a startled look. "Why, I have been writing them up to-day."

"So I noticed," laughed The Jobber, tapping the newspaper in his lap.

"They will go better after the Settlement is over, won't they?" implored The City Editor.

"It all depends upon what you mean by Kaffirs."

"I don't see that; they all move together," was the plaintive reply.

"Some people never do see a thing until it is stuffed down their throats."

("Who said chestnuts?" asked The Broker.)

"Kaffirs, to a certain extent, move altogether," The Jobber went on; "but, to give you a general résumé of the situation, I should say that Gold-shares, such as Crown Reefs, Robinson, and those, will not improve much; that the speculative things, such as East Rand, Goldfields, and Trust, are entirely dependent upon their wire-pullers for a further score; and that the Land shares of the Oceana and Chartered description are quite high enough."

"Then you don't believe in a continuance of the boomlet?" The Merchant asked, with some surprise.

"I never said that," Sir Oracle said. "There are the deep-levels to be thought about; and, above all things, there is the voice of the public to consider."

"The latter at present speaking in no uncertain voice of bullishness," The Broker observed.

"Certainly," went on the other House-man. "And I believe it will continue in the same key. I have not hesitated to buy myself Langlaagte Estate and Transvaal Goldfields even in these latter days. Although, of course, such procedure is wholly foreign to my pessimistic nature."

"Why are Spanish Bonds so high?" The Banker spoke for the first time. "I understand that one of the irresponsible newspapers is talking about a Revolution in Spain."

"Must talk about something foolish if you're a halfpenny daily." The Broker evidently wanted his dinner very badly.

"Spanish have for years been the favourite stock with the House for losing money over," put in The Jobber. "We always think the price must go down, and it always doesn't. If there were half the sheer cussedness about some of the Central American Republics in the way of interest payments as there is about poor old, discredited, coupon-meeting Spain, there would be gladness in the hearts of thousands in this country."

"You been reading Kipling lately, or Marie Corelli, or who?" asked The Broker suspiciously.

"I see his cloven hoof," The Merchant laughed. "He is a bull of Spanish!"

"On the contrary, fair sir, I am a bear. But, even while I believe myself to be on the wrong tack, I haven't the heart to cut my loss and start fresh."

"I sold my Welsbach yesterday. Do you think I was right?" Thus The Merchant.

The Banker gave a funny little gasp, for which he unnecessarily begged the others' pardon, but said that the very idea of a man selling stock in a Company which was on the way to slowly recover its lost position was "too much for him."

"I was sick to death of the things," explained The Merchant. "And they were only Deferred shares. Mere gambling counters, aren't they?"

"Oh! I was unaware that you spoke of the Deferred shares," The Banker replied. "But we have had so many questions from country customers lately as to the advisability of selling Welsbach stock that for the moment the very existence of Deferred shares had escaped my memory."

"And so you are advising people to hold their Welsbuchs, sir?"

"Of course, we do not actually advise where the definite road can be avoided," smiled the old gentleman. "Still, in cases where we are met by a pistol at the head, if I may adopt the metaphor, such is our recommendation. But we always add that Welsbach stocks are shockingly, oh, shockingly! speculative. I have all the figures at home."

"May I call at your house after dinner, sir?" quickly The City Editor asked. Details were being arranged when The Broker and The Jobber got out of the carriage.

"New idea that, Brokie," said the latter.

"What is?"

"Here's a City Editor going to give another man a free call! Quite a bit of Financial News for the ordinary Citizen, in Truth!"

THE RIGHTS OF PREFERENCE SHAREHOLDERS.

There are so many reorganisation schemes (such as Dunlops, Welsbuchs, Salt Unions, and others) in the air, and certain of the evening papers appear so anxious to set class against class, that perhaps our readers will forgive a short note on the subject.

In many Companies the capital is divided into two or three classes of shares—let us suppose, for example, into Cumulative Preference, Ordinary, and Deferred shares. The Company makes losses and a considerable part of its capital is no longer represented by assets, so that the Directors are face to face with the position that they cannot distribute profits by way of dividend until these losses have been made good or written off. To carry out the writing-off

process, a majority of three-quarters at a General Meeting is necessary, and to obtain this a considerable number of Ordinary and Deferred shareholders' votes are required. If, then, the strict legal rights of the various classes are to be enforced—the Preference shareholders are to obtain their "pound of flesh," in other words—the Deferred shareholders who will thereby be wiped out, let us suppose, must commit financial suicide, and, human nature being what it is, the Directors are face to face with the impossibility of carrying any capital reduction, which will for many years enable the annual profits to be distributed, without making some compromise more or less acceptable to the various classes of shareholders interested. The Articles of most Companies say that the losses shall fall on the Deferred shareholders' capital first, and, after that, on the Ordinary shareholders, but no power on earth can make either of these classes vote for their own absolute extinction, which is necessary to enable the Preference shareholders to get their dividends. Is it, therefore, unreasonable or unjust that concessions shall be made to obtain the necessary vote? It appears to us a question of bargain, not of principle.

We can see nothing to write mock heroics about in giving some reasonable concession to an inferior class of shareholders, when you want their assistance to carry out a scheme which will enable the payment of dividends to be resumed, or some other advantage to be obtained. When making a bargain, each class is entitled to make the best deal it can for itself, without any question of honesty or good faith being raised.

Saturday, Jan. 25, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

O. J. H. B.—On dividend prospects, we can see little in the outcrop properties at present prices. During the best of the three years before the War, Nigel paid 15 per cent., which means less than 5 per cent at present price, and Glencairns 25 per cent. You had far better buy things like Henderson's or Barnato Consols. See, however, this week's Notes.

T. I.—You do not say whether you want investments or speculations. If the former, follow the advice in our previous Note on "Telegraphs," or buy Chinese 1895 Gold Bonds, or Argentine Rescission Bonds.

R. B.—The address you want is Norfolk House, 7, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C. LEO.—If you are prepared to pay for the shares and hold, we think well of the speculation, not otherwise.

OXEN.—Your letter was answered on the 24th inst.

ANXIOUS.—The concern is a pure speculation, having a vast tract to prospect about which very little is known. Too much of a blind pool for our money.

CRICKET LONG-DRAWN-OUT IN AUSTRALIA.

ON Jan. 23, at the Adelaide Oval, the Australians won the third of the five test-matches arranged to be played during the tour of MacLaren's team. From the appearance of the score only, one might be excused for deducing that the play was of an attractive and brisk description. Braund, of the visitors, was the only batsman who reached the dignity of the third figure, but Clem Hill, for the other side, only just missed it—hard luck!—in each innings. Then Hayward, MacLaren, and Quaife each made many runs in both innings, and of the Colonials, besides Hill, there were J. Darling, V. Trumper, R. Duff, S. Gregory, and H. Trumble whose figures seem to indicate merry play, more especially when taken into account with the fact that three of them were run out. Further, for the loss of thirty-six wickets 1271 runs were scored. But alas for the merriment! The match lasted six days, so the rate of scoring, even making allowance for sand-storm delays, &c., could not have exceeded a rate of two hundred and fifty runs per day. It is impossible not to admire the defensive character of batting to which this testifies. At the same time, a feeling of contentment pervades one in the knowledge that in England the days of playing test-matches to a finish are not yet. It should be a warning to those who are so fond of advocating such a plan. The victory of the Australians was accomplished by four wickets. We do not begrudge it them, but they themselves would be the first to acknowledge that their task was rendered easier by Barnes, the English fast bowler, being incapacitated from a tolerably early period and that Blythe's finger is still weak. Two more test-matches remain, fixed respectively for Feb. 14, at Sydney, and March 1, at Melbourne. For the Englishmen to gain the rubber they must win both.

The "joy of life" is increased by the additions being made to the suburban "Queen's Halls" rapidly springing up. *The Sketch* wishes success to the new Imperial Hall, East Dulwich, which is to enliven the neighbourhood with good Promenade Concerts under the direction of Mr. Broughton Black, B.A., with dancing-classes, fancy-dress balls, and the inevitable Ping-Pong.

A simple and effective form of muscular development by a series of home exercises without any apparatus but a pair of light dumb-bells may be strongly recommended for general use. The well-known head of the Woolwich Polytechnic Gymnasium, Professor Charles E. Lord, publishes this serviceable and cheap "Universal Home-Exercise Chart," a fresh edition of which, I suggest, he should mount on canvas with rollers, ready for hanging up in the exercise-room.